

# The Messenger

Dr A H Strickler  
14 Feb'y 83

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

VOL. LI.—NO. 32.

PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 2494.

## THE MESSENGER.

ISSUED WEEKLY

### PUBLICATION BOARD

OF THE

### Reformed Church in the United States

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D.,

Editor-in-Chief.

OFFICE, 907 ARCH STREET

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\$2.20 a year in advance postage included. Six copies to one address for one year \$11.00. No papers discontinued, except at the option of the publishers, unless orders are sent direct to the Publication Office, at least two weeks before the time subscribed for expires, and all arrears are paid.

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## Poetry.

### THE INNER CALM.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
While these hot breezes blow;  
Be like the night dews' cooling balm  
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Soft resting on Thy breast;  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm  
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Let Thine outstretching wing  
Be like the shade of Elion's palm  
Beside the desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, tho' loud and rude  
The sounds my ears, that greet;  
Calm in the closest solitude,  
Calm in the bustling street.

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,  
Calm in my hour of pain,  
Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
Like Him who bore my shame,  
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,  
Who hate Thy holy name.

Calm, when the great world's news, with power  
My listening spirit stir,  
Let not the tidings of the hour  
E'er find too fond an ear.

Calm as the ray of sun or star  
Which storms assail in vain,  
Moving untroubled through earth's war  
The eternal calm to gain!

—Bonar.

## Communications.

For The Messenger.

### GAY HEAD EXCURSION.

COTTAGE CITY, Martha's Vineyard, Me.,  
August 2, 1882.

MR. EDITOR:—Had intention become fact, this letter is something like it would have been written yesterday; but yesterday morning the question of an excursion came up at the breakfast table. First we were bent upon a trip by rail to Katama, the Beautiful, a point about ten miles south-east of us, extending into Katama Bay, which lies between Martha's Vineyard and Chappaquiddick Island, with the prospect of a good clam-bake for dinner—something new for a denizen of Lancaster. Just then, however, Charley, the youngest son of our generous host, drew out of his pocket the advertisement of an excursion by boat to Gay Head, the extreme western point of our Island, about 20 miles from Cottage City. The question was finally submitted to our amiable hostess, Mrs. H. B. Smith, and she voted for Gay Head. At once lunch was made ready, satchels packed, and at 9.15 a. m., we were on board the boat Monohausett, bound for the light house and the old Indian settlement of Gay Head.

Martha's Vineyard is the largest of the New England Islands, triangular in form; distant from Boston by rail and boat to Oak Bluffs, the principal landing, 78 miles; from Newport, 55 miles. The Island is 20 miles long, and at its widest point 10 miles across. The day we had chosen for our ride upon the deep blue ocean, was delightful beyond description. A clear sky, a bright sun, a calm sea, cooling breezes, the passing steamers, the white winged vessels hovering in the distance, the cheerful com-

pany of friends, and the swift steady motion of the Monohausett—all contributed to the pleasure and gaiety of the excursion. A few minutes after we moved off slowly from the wharf we rounded a corner and steamed into Vineyard Haven, formerly called Holmes' Hole, said to be one of the largest and best harbors in the world. Stopping at the wharf of the village bearing the same name, we took in from 50 to 100 excursionists, and then started off for Gay Head, having the Vineyard on our left, and on our right the main land of Cape Cod and the Elizabeth Isles—a group of eight Islands famous in rhyme thus:

Cuttyhunk, Penikese,  
Washawena, Pasquenece,  
Great Naushon, Nonamesset,  
Uncatena, and Wepecket.

Naushon, the largest of the group, is owned by Mr. Forbes, a gentleman of Boston, who has it stocked with deer. Penikese has gained prominence from the institute established by the late Prof. Agassiz.

By eleven o'clock the light house of Gay Head came within sight. During the forenoon I met a well-dressed Indian on the bow of the boat, Charles H. Mingo, a nurse in the Seaman's Hospital at Vineyard Haven, who had a furlough for a day and was on his way to the old home. From him I gathered some facts respecting the present state of the settlement. After we had landed, I met the Rev. Mr. Shields, a Baptist minister, and pastor of the Indian Church, from whom I learned some additional particulars.

Gay Head has no wharf. Our steamer anchored some distance from the shore. Standing on deck I counted nine fishing boats, each manned by a stalwart Indian, who in turn rowed alongside, when the excursionists by companies stepped in and were taken to the shore.

The women and children of the settlement were collected on the beach, and observed the landing. Up, up the steep, sandy, rugged cliff we all clambered, men, women and children, in all above three hundred. Some moved toward the light house; some in little groups ate luncheon sitting on a green plot, or perched on a rock. Others pushed forward to the cliff on the extreme west, and feasted their eyes on the grand view of land and sea.

This promontory derives its name from the peculiar physical formation of the head-land. I shall not try to describe it. Suffice it to say that the intermingling of many colored pure clays, white, red, yellow, black, grey and green, make this little promontory of two hundred feet in height. A gay head report says that there is but one more formation like this in the world, which is on the coast of Norway. We gathered some specimens of these variegated clays for Prof. Stahr.

The civilized Indians at Gay Head, are a remnant of an aboriginal tribe, and number at present about two hundred. Until 1870 they were, like several other remnants of Indian tribes in Massachusetts, the wards of the commonwealth. Since then they have become citizens; their lands were surveyed, divided into parcels and distributed, and now each householder owns his own tract in fee simple. The soil is fertile. An Indian pronounced it the most fertile on the Vineyard. But these people are not much given to the culture of the soil, and earn a livelihood mainly by fishing. The settlement has a church and a Sunday-school, a parsonage, and a pastor, who is maintained by a fund bequeathed some years ago for the support of the gospel among the Indians by the Williams and held in trust by Harvard College, the proceeds being distributed by the Faculty. The sum of \$700 is annually given to the Marshpee settlement on Cape Cod, and \$350 to this at Gay Head. The Church numbers only about thirty members, and as I learned from the Rev. Mr. Shields does not contribute \$25 towards the support of the pastor. At the regular Sunday service twenty-five persons is a good audience. From 15 to 20 children attend the Sunday-school.

The Indians all speak English. Mr. Mingo told me that there was among his people no trace of their original tongue; nor though a man of apparently a good deal of intelligence who speaks very good English, did he know the name of the tribe from which they had descended. He added that there were among his people no Indians of pure blood. Yet I saw a number who to my eye seemed to have the distinctly marked features of the Indian race. This trip to the old Indian settlement at Gay Head suggested many side reflections; but as I am writing you an off-hand letter and not composing an essay, I shall not allow myself to diverge.

At 2 o'clock the Monohausett blew her whistle, and from all directions the excursionists came trooping toward the lighters, and in companies of 25 the Indians rowed us back to our steamer. Soon the anchor was weighed, and we steamed around to get a full view from the sea of the beautiful head-land. Turning about and renewing the enjoyment of the scenes of the morning, we came back to Oak

Bluffs, landing by 5 o'clock, having spent a day of singular interest and rare enjoyment.

I am not an apt scholar, Mr. Editor; otherwise I should have improved to better purpose the lessons of that learned speech on logic which fell from your serious lips at the Alumni Dinner in Harbaugh Hall. I began this letter in the middle of my vacation schedule, and must end it in the middle. Your fertile imagination must supply the beginning—that I needed a short season of rest, left Lancaster, traveled by the Pennsylvania railroad, stopped between trains at Philadelphia, did not get a grasp of your editorial hand, moved onward toward New England, came to this large and beautiful city of cottages in Martha's Vineyard, where we are guests of a friend. If I can command the time and find something of interest to communicate, I may drop you another letter next week.

Yours very truly,

E. V. G.

### COUNTRY PASTORATES.

There is a growing scarceness of good pastors. Those who are worthy in most respects to be called good are wanted to fill the pastorates of churches in the cities and large country towns. These churches are supposed to offer superior attractions in larger opportunities for doing good, larger salaries, better society, school privileges, and other advantages.

The number of country churches (including those in small villages) is on the increase along the line of our vast frontier. Through the older sections of the country there are always many such without pastors. Often these must remain vacant for months before they secure a suitable minister, and sometimes they "die without the sight." A good minister once secured is but insecurely held by reason of the "larger openings" that beset, soon, on the right hand and on the left. It is whispered that about the charmed limits of every city there linger numbers of ministers without charges who are unwilling to leave. It is to be feared that many who are for the present country pastors are not satisfied, but are longing for higher spheres; not doing their best work where they are because of an unsettled mind and a purpose to find a larger field as soon as possible.

What word can we truthfully say to commend country pastorates? How show their attractions and importance over against the claims of urban fields? Possibly we may, in imitation of Paul, exhort, "covet earnestly the best"—places; yet, here, also, there is "a more excellent way." Said the master at Rugby to Tom Brown, who wanted "to be at work in the world, not dawdling away three years at Oxford," "Just look about in the place you find yourself in, and try to make things a little better and honest there. You'll find plenty to keep your hand in at Oxford as wherever else you go. But don't be led away to think this part of the world important and that unimportant. Every corner of the world is important. No man knows whether this part or that is most so, but every man may do some honest work in his own corner." All of which is most suited to the case before us. Carlyle sums up the secret of all usefulness and rightful joy of life in the phrase: "Do the duty that lies next you." Whoever does that will not want a higher sphere or larger field. Whoever honestly tries to do it will in God's sight be both among the greatest and most useful of mankind. And thus one may be content to be nothing higher or better than a country pastor. His is

"A toll that gains with what it yields,  
And scatters to its own increase,  
And hears while sowing outward fields  
The harvest song of inward peace."

But the country pastorates do not lack the attraction of a "large opportunity for usefulness." Its work has a bearing even upon city life with wide-reaching influences to highest places and busiest spheres of the world. Cities are constantly recruited from the country. In them there is a vast expenditure of vital force and a constant corruption of morals that must be replaced and corrected by the fresh and purer life of the country. It is estimated by some who have made it a matter of special investigation, that of five hundred prominent and successful men in our cities four hundred have been reared in the back country, or have struggled up from the lower ranks of society. Many of the strongest and most useful city churches are officered by men who were once country boys. Pastors, deacons, trustees, together with many of the staunchest working members, look back to early life in the village and on the farm, and to their conversion in a country church. Victor Hugo says, "To reform a man you must begin with his grandmother." So we may say that, to convert the city population, build up its churches and exert an influence on its best life, you must begin

with the young men and women of your small country village and farming community.

Many of our great ones in law, in science, in literature and in politics were born and bred in country places. He who blessed his country and his age by helping to mould the character and direct the life of a Lincoln or a Garfield did his work when they were country boys. So reflecting, the country pastor, if tempted sometimes to repine at his lot and long for a larger sphere, may see the narrow bounds of his pastorate stretching out to limitless ranges of time and space, and may know that his village or four-corners, even, is in a practical sense the center of the world. He holds the long end of a lever, and if he honestly bears his weight where he is the uplifting influence will be felt in distant places and times remote as well as in those near at hand. Any man who has the privilege of ministering to the people of a small village with its surrounding community has a great opportunity for great good. Until he has exhausted the possibilities of good in his country charge—as who does or who can?—why should any such pastor long for a larger sphere? The children—how near the country pastor may come to their life! He meets them at home, on the street, at school and in their plays. He may learn every face and name, and may establish with many of them relations of confidence and friendship. He reaches them more directly in the Sunday-school, and even in his audiences their faces are seen in larger numbers, proportionately, than ever greet the eye and gladden the heart of the earnest city pastor. There is also an advantage in the familiar acquaintance and friendly relations with all his church and congregation possible for the country pastor. From his place of a Sabbath morning he glances over his congregation, marking each familiar face. He knows if Mr. Jones is present and his wife is not. He gladly notes the families whose members are all out to church, and he gathers heart for his part in the service when he sees the regular attendants at their places, and meets the sympathizing looks of those upon whom he can always count for counsel and help. He notes every strange face and infrequent attendant, and by all this is better fitted to minister in behalf of his people. There is an inspiration in a large congregation such as often greets the city pastor, though most of the faces are strange. Is there not an equal inspiration from the dear familiar faces in the country pastor's smaller audience? He knows most of the history and circumstances of each hearer; he thinks of the absent, the sick, the tempted and the wandering ones by name; he knows heart-histories, hidden sorrows and individual infirmities. He can thus pray and preach according to their needs, giving to each his portion in due time and to all helpful sympathy. There is something beautiful in such pastoral relation as is possible only in a country church, and in this familiar acquaintance, even in its homeliest manifestations, as

"When shaking hands announce the meeting o'er,  
The friendly group still lingers at the door,  
Greeting, inquiring, sharing all the store  
Of weekly tidings."

There are advantages also to growth in spirituality, both of pastor and people, which the hurry of town life and the stress of its worldly influences render impossible. The quietness, the leisure, the still hour, who can overestimate their value, whether to him who would grow in "wisdom and in favor with God," or to him who would lead others to the Christian life and seek their edification therein?

Would that pastor be altogether foolish who should ask for himself nothing better, or higher, or larger, than this work in a country pastorate?—Methodist.

### WHAT IS NECESSARY?

The ten days that followed the ascension of our Lord stand out alone in history. He had gone up into the sky, and the sky had closed in behind Him, as trackless and silent as ever. In Jerusalem, out of a population possibly of 200,000, there were about 120 people, men and women, in close fellowship, waiting for something to happen, they knew not exactly what. At last Pentecost, with its tongues of fire, flamed out of that trackless and silent sky, and the Christian Church was born.

Then, in less than a hundred and fifty years, this Church had so touched the boundaries of the Roman Empire, from the Euphrates to the Atlantic, from Egypt to Britain, and had taken such strong hold of men, that Roman statesmen like Marcus Aurelius, loyal to the old Roman religion, were profoundly alarmed. They saw a new religion on its way to the throne of the Caesars. That second century really settled the question. The *ἐν τοῦτο νῆα* was already in the sky.

So great a revolution must be accounted for. And only one solution of the problem will answer. That solution is found in

the first chapter of John's Gospel, and in the first chapter of his First Epistle. Twelve men, very plain men most of them, disciples of the Galilean Peasant, were sure that in Him they had seen and handled the Eternal—seen with their own eyes, handled with their own hands. They were as sure of it as of sunlight or of summer. And other men believed it of them, and others again of them, and others still, in circles ever widening. So ran the sacred story and the sacred flame, from lip to lip, from life to life, from generation to generation.

This open secret of our nascent Christianity, winning its first victories, is equally the secret of its continuance, of its revival from declension, of its final triumph. The one vital thing about it, the hiding of all its strength, is the felt Divinity of the Man of Nazareth.

Orthodoxy of creed is no equivalent for this immediate sense and apprehension of God in Christ. History warns us. Itself being judge, no Church was ever more orthodox than the Greek Church, ancient and modern; and hardly any Church is new more nearly dead. Theology proper, which our students recite to-day, is essentially what Athanasius and the Gregorians made it and left it. Even the Occidental *filioque* had some friends in the Orient; affirmed by Epiphanius and Marcellus of Ancyra, and not denied by Athanasius, Basil, or Gregory of Nyssa. So also, is our construction of the Person of Christ essentially Greek. Christologically, Westminster repeats Chalcedon. Consider now the Greek *Orthodox Confessio* of 1643: "What shall an orthodox and catholic Christian hold to in order to be saved?" The answer is "Right faith and good works." But "What is faith?" And again the answer is "To believe and profess the One and the Triune God, with whatever else the Church has ecumenically taught." Such faith is clearly not dynamic, but only historic. The dogmas save. No wonder the Greek Church is so nearly dead.

And what better is our own orthodoxy, as mere orthodoxy, with its completed anthropology, soteriology, and whatever else, except that it has gone over more ground, with a more exact triangulation? Systematic theology, of course, its office and its rights, like any other science, physical or metaphysical. Orthodoxy is always better than heresy, in whatever direction or degree. But orthodoxy is sometimes only a dead man's robe. The faith which Jude speaks of as once for all delivered to the saints, is not some elaborate system—Nicene, nor Athanasian, nor any other; but simply the Apostolic, elementary, concrete Gospel of God in Christ, reconciling and regenerating the world.

Neither is ecclesiasticism an equivalent for this immediate sense and apprehension of God in Christ. History warns us again. In Latin Christianity Rome became for the second time mistress of the world, conquering her conquerors. In doctrine she accepted the Greek conclusions, and added others of her own, advancing the ecumenic creed; but in worship she went down too willingly towards childish barbarisms, and in government imposed a yoke more suitable for oxen than for men.

Forms of worship among us are now under discussion, and are worth discussing, if there be possibility of improvement in either direction, whether towards more or towards less of ceremony and fixedness. But sharp and stinging personalities of debate are eighteen centuries behind the time. Our Lord's Prayer comes twice in the Gospels, and was given twice to His disciples. True prayer has always the same inspiration, and the Teacher is always ready.

We are also Presbyterians, most of us—some by birth, others by adoption, all by preference. But we are Catholic Presbyterians. Other sheep the Shepherd has, which are not of this fold. The folds are many, while the flock is one.

Nor yet again is civilization an equivalent for this immediate sense and apprehension of God in Christ. Civilization has become a proud and pestilent word, altogether secular and selfish. It has emphasized condition rather than character. It has made wealth the synonym of worth. It considers religion a superfluity. It is playing the prodigal, rioting on property not its own. Enlightened self-interest, it is hoped, will balance the forces now at work, and solve the urgent social problem. This is the great heresy of our time, and may cost us another French Revolution. The ancient civilizations—Chaldean, Egyptian, and all the rest—perished miserably enough. But there has been no such tremendous crash as awaits this new Protestant civilization, if ever it makes up its mind to curse God and die. More than one of the strong nations may shortly have to choose between a selfish secular civilization, whose God is science, and an unselfish civilization, whose God is Christ. This nineteenth century will hardly go out in prosperity and peace, unless the Son of Man stands face to face with it as the Son of God.—From President Hitchcock's valedictory to the graduating class of Union Theological Seminary.



## Family Reading.

## SUNDAYS.

How sweet the sum of holy days  
Along life's pathway given—  
Blest waves that pour on Time's dark shore  
The dawning light of Heaven!

Sweet, sacred days of peace and rest  
That lead the soul above  
Earth's careworn ways to courts of praise—  
Dear proofs of Heavenly love!

The poor made rich; the life of toil  
Illumed by these bright days,  
As one by one they swiftly come,  
Is filled with light and praise!

A sweet and solemn hush they bring—  
A glowing, deepening sense  
Of life's vast worth, of power on earth,  
Unveiled Omnipotence!

The Father's face of holy love,  
The Father's gracious hand,  
Shine through these days we rest and praise  
By His divine command.

O sweet, O wondrous mystery,  
No mortal thought may span—  
The Christ of heaven so freely given,  
God's love uplifting man!

Our Father, God, to whom we pray,  
Our refuge, strength, and light,  
Who walks with Thee across life's sea  
Will find no starless night!

—Chicago Tribune.

## TOO TRUE!

She could not become a burden to others. She had outlived her usefulness, perhaps, but she had by no means outlived her self-respect, or her desire to be a factor, however unimportant, in the world's wide field of product.

So when her boys—there had been two, and they had become men and had taken to themselves wives—emigrated to the far Southwest, and the girls—they were women now—wondered how they were to crowd any more than they were crowding, in order to spare room for mother, who had just been burned out of house and home, and had come first to Julia and then to Jessie, to see if she could find a home with either—when these things came to pass the old lady, who had never before realized how old she was, began to feel aged and weary, and very lonely, yet as never before determined to make for herself a place in the world, where by her own efforts she could live and maintain herself.

It had grieved her to see her home, with all its earthly treasures, flame up and flare and fade into ashes before her eyes, as she stood alone and helpless on that fatal night. But she had consoled her bereaved heart, saying: "After all, the care of these things, my house, and garden, and cow, and chickens, prevented me from doing much for the girls; now there is an end. I will sell the cow and fowls and replace my lost clothing, and go to Jessie and Julia. I can live by turns with them, and help them on in many ways."

Poor heart. She had been a good mother, and had done a good part by her children. The thought that she could be anything else than a help to those whom she had always helped, ah, with what loving, unselfish helpfulness, never occurred to her. Yet as she stood, homeless and destitute, in her daughter's house that bright October morning, and heard Julia's husband remark that there wasn't enough room in the house for those rightfully belonging to it, "grandma had better go up to Jessie's," the poor mother felt a strange, unnatural tremor shake her frame. The road between Julia's and Jessie's seemed twice as long as ever before.

"Did you save nothing, mother?" Jessie asked. "And how much insurance had you? To think, we never heard a word of it till ten minutes ago. Julie sent up to say she saw you coming over the hill, and as they had no room for you I'd have to manage somehow. I couldn't make out what it meant, till the young one said you'd been burned out. How soon do you suppose the insurance will rebuild you? We can crowd up for a few weeks by letting Andrew give you his cot. He can sleep in the dining-room. Of course you will have to be in the room with little Jim and Isabella. Did you save all your things?"

How weak she grew as she sat and listened to her daughter's half peevish questions. She scarcely knew her own voice as she answered:

"The insurance expired and I neglected to renew it. I saved nothing but my clothes and my tin box with my papers, and watch, and a few trinkets in it. There were five gold dollars in the box. It is all the money I have now. The lot, the cow, and the chickens are all that is left to me."

"Why, mother," interrupted the daughter, vexedly, "how could you be so neglectful? You must be in your second childhood. All your nice bedding, and furniture, and the china! Dear me! There must have been at least a thousand dollars' worth of property destroyed."

"And I am homeless and destitute indeed," said her mother quietly, in a very sad voice.

"And all through your own culpable carelessness, I declare," said Jessie.

"And what in the world you are going to do, I don't know, I'm sure. We're crowded enough, mercy knows. And I was just thinking of sending little Jim up to you for a month. The air is so much purer over where you lived, the other side of the hill, and he is so cross and troublesome. Dear me! And to think of there being no insurance. You might as well

have thrown your home away, and your things, and done with it."

Not a word of sympathy or of encouragement from Julia. Reproaches from Jessie. Were these the babies whom she had borne, and nursed, and fondled, and served so willingly, so gladly? Were these the daughters for whom she had toiled, and striven, and planned? Was it not all a hideous dream?

Her blood seemed turning to ice in her veins. She rose with rigid limbs and turned to the door.

"I will walk over to tell your Uncle Dick," she said. "I may not return today. Andrew need not give up his cot to grandma, at least not to-night. Good bye, children." And she closed the door slowly and with trembling hand, as she went out from her daughter's house, to return no more.

"There is no welcome for me in my children's homes," she said; "their bread would choke me. And, oh, I love them so!"

And as she walked along, gray, ashen shadows settled upon her face, and her look was as one whose death stroke has been felt.

Another mother might have acted differently—even felt differently. Mothers have suffered disappointment in their children and have borne the pain in one way or another, and veiled it from all eyes; even with loving, forgiving affection, endeavoring to hide it from their own. Alas! Perhaps they were less proud-spirited than this mother. Perhaps they were less sensitive. Perhaps they had less self-respect.

When once these mothers realize that the children for whom they had lived, and would gladly die, value them more for what they have than what they are, battle against the unwelcome conviction as they may, the realization works its sorrowful change in their lives. Some may succeed in making the hideous spectre down, and may persuade themselves, indeed, that 'twas a phantom only. The difference between these and this mother was, that she accepted the truth, and neither tried to deceive herself or others.

As she neared the home of her brother-in-law her resolve was taken. When she entered his house she was outwardly calm, and could talk of her loss and her intentions, with even tones and quiet air.

After arranging with him to dispose of her cow and chickens, she took the cars to the next town, and began to search for employment.

Mamma was visiting friends in that town at the time, and is one who usually follows the leadings of her own instinct, and always regrets when she fails to do so. She was in Mrs. Ludlow's sitting-room when Mrs. Alpen applied for a position, as general assistant, asking only for kind treatment and small wages.

Mrs. Ludlow had no place for her, but mamma felt assured that here was a treasure for some one, and forthwith proposed that if Mrs. Alpen would go with her to her home, two days' journey by rail, she would give her suitable employment at fair wages.

Mamma shortened her visit in order to bring Auntie Alpen home, and she has remained a most valuable helper ever since.

For years we knew nothing of her personal history beyond the fact that she had married children settled at distant places, from whom, at long and irregular intervals, she received letters.

One day it chanced that, as mamma read a paragraph from a newspaper, she smiled and called Auntie Alpen's attention to it.

"It is your name," said mamma. "Rowena Alpen. I wish it were your land also. It would make you independent indeed."

"It is my land," said Mrs. Alpen, quietly. "But I am independent without it."

And she burst into tears and sank into a chair at mamma's side. We left them alone—mamma and our poor friend in her grief.

It was then that she confided to mamma her story that she said was too pitifully sorrowful to be told.

She had been with us seven years. In all these years never once had her daughters invited her to their homes. They had been glad she had employment and was satisfied with her position. They had even asked her if it was convenient to have a visit from one or more of the children in their summer vacations. But they had never expressed any regret at the separation, or any desire to have her become a member of their families. Until now.

The lot on which her home had stood had suddenly become valuable. A coal vein ran beneath it. The mine was working. The owners of the shaft wished to purchase, and offered a price that astonished those who knew nothing of the real values. Both daughters at once remembered their filial obligations, and at once each offered a home with her own family.

"God pity me if I am unlike what a mother should be," she said. "I loved my children only for love's sake. I hoped that thus my children would love me. Love, love was all I asked or craved. Land can not buy love or happiness. All that I have is theirs. They shall have no temptation to become impatient for their mother's death. I will give them all now. For myself, when I can no longer work, there remains the Poor House. I will go thither."

Is her story too strangely sad to have been told? I know of other mothers no less keenly stung by that "sharper than a serpent's tooth," filial ingratitude and neglect.

I have but lately been the confidant of a tale as strangely sad from a gray-haired

mother of children in a far higher social scale than Auntie Alpen's yet not one whit above them in filial duty. I know of another mother this hour, snubbed, grugged her attic room and her poor bite and sup, and forced to do her own laundry work in her daughter's house, where rooms, and food, and servants are plenty.

Why do I tell of such shames? Why, indeed, unless in the hope that some who have eyes to see may see, and who have ears to hear may hear and understand? For these stung hearts of sorrowing mothers are remembered by one who in the day of His power is mighty to avenge.—The Guide.

## FAMILY LIFE OF LYMAN BEECHER.

One of his sons became a bitter sceptic. . . . The parents and the children agreed at a certain hour of each day to pray for this wanderer. At length a letter came informing the father of his conversion. With choking utterance he exclaimed, "His mother has been long in heaven, but she bound cords about her child's heart before she left, which have drawn him back. He has never been able to break them."

Towards the close of his life one of his sons was moved to tears on a visit home, when at family prayers he saw the same old hymn-book, and father go to the study and fetch his fiddle and tune it to sing "Joy to the World,"—his voice serving him only occasionally, and mother's more persevering than strong. "We went through all the verses, and when father's voice failed from the pitch, his lips kept the time and the words till his voice could master the easier tone; and so they sung with the spirit and the understanding, while I dreamed and dried my eyes. Since then I have heard the fiddle bearing up the music all along at family prayer at Boston, yet at least three of us following the words, while dear old father persevered in the music to the end. O, we must have a family meeting in heaven, and sing and have prayers again!"

## PATIENCE IS POWER.

The lion was caught in the toils of the hunter. The more he tugged, the more his feet got entangled; when a little mouse heard his roaring, and said if his majesty would not hurt him, he thought he could release him. At first the king of beasts took no notice of such a contemptible ally; but at last, like other proud spirits in trouble, he allowed his tiny friend to do as he pleased. So, one by one, the mouse nibbled through the cords, till he had set free first one foot and then another, and then another and then all the four, and with a growl of hearty gratitude the king of the forest acknowledged that the patient in spirit is sometimes stronger than the proud in spirit. And it is beautiful to see how, when some sturdy nature is involved in perplexity, and by its violence and vociferation is only wasting its strength without forwarding its escape, there will come in some timely sympathy, mild and gentle, and will suggest the simple extrication, or by soothing vehemence down into his own tranquillity, will set him on the way to effect his self-deliverance. Even so, all through the range of philanthropy, patience is power.—Rev. James Hamilton, D.D.

## MOTHERS AND THEIR CHILDREN.

The name of *Mother* is one of the most sacred of all connected with human relations. No name is more sweet or precious or expressive of more important duties or relations. And when we think of its significance as related to society and humanity we are lost in wonder and amazement.

Think of the trust committed to the mother—an immortal soul inhabiting a mortal body, to be nursed, and trained, and developed, and educated for time and eternity, a soul to be rescued from sin and Satan, to be fitted to bless the world, and to be forever blessed in eternity! Is not this the end for which every child is entrusted to a mother? And is it not the duty of every mother to acquaint herself with the high and holy responsibilities and duties devolved upon her, and the blessed results which may through her be made sure?

As the little babe is laid in her arms, its first cry awakens the tenderest love and sympathies of her nature. And as its little form and mind develop and unfold, it is to her a new education. She needs a perfect understanding of her duties, with the feeling that they are such as rest upon herself alone and cannot and must not be delegated to another. She needs a symmetrical character of firmness and gentleness combined, with the deep consciousness that she must train her children not for herself alone, but to be a blessing to themselves, and a blessing to the world.

The first duty, next to the care of the body, of which much might be said, and the importance of which can hardly be over-estimated, is to train the child to honor and obey its parents. Obedience is the foundation of moral character, and to teach the child to obey, and to yield its will to the will of the parent, is the first step towards yielding its will to the will of God, its great heavenly parent. A writer has said, "That is not obedience when you wait to give a child a reason for your command; but that is obedience when he yields because you command." But should we not be careful not to give too many rules or commands? As the child develops, will he not see the reasonableness of the commands, and honor the parent for giving such as command themselves to him as reasonable and right?

Truthfulness, too, in all our teachings and dealings with children, cannot be too sacredly observed or too carefully guarded. And there is another trait, which if neglected in early life, will most surely mar the character in after years, and show to the world the defect of parental training. I refer to kindness, courtesy, and true politeness in all our intercourse with our children, and with others in their presence. These traits exert an influence that shows perhaps more readily and truly in the conduct and bearing of a child than even the others which have been mentioned, for they include the others and flow from them.

In order, then, in these as in all things, to lay the foundation of right character in our dear children, we see at once that the only way to do it successfully is to be ourselves what we wish them to be. It is the influence of our acts more than our words which moulds and shapes them. Let us then, as parents, remember that precept without example makes no lasting impression for good; and endeavor so to live before and with our children that by example as well as precept we may train them for duty and usefulness and heaven.

In view of these great responsibilities and their far-reaching effects, well may we exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?" But we will remember that He who has laid upon us these duties has also said, "My grace is sufficient for thee," "Call upon me and I will supply all your need."—Christian Secretary.

## THE LITTLE COMFORTER.

I have a little Comforter,  
That climbs upon my knee,  
And makes the world seem possible  
When things go wrong with me.

She never is the one to say,  
"If you had only been  
More careful and more sensible,  
This thing had been foreseen."

She blesses me,  
Caresses me,  
And whispers, "Never mind:  
To-morrow night  
All will be right,  
My papa, good and kind."

To give me wise and good advice

I have of friends a score;  
But then the trouble ever is,  
I knew it all before.

And when one's heart is full of care,  
One's plans all in a mess,  
The wisest reasoning, I think,  
Can't make the trouble less.

My Mamie's way  
Is just to say,  
"Oh, papa, don't be sad:  
To-morrow night  
All will be right,  
And then we shall be glad."

Some think I have been too much to blame;  
Some say, "I told you so";  
And others sigh, "What can't be helped  
Must be endured, you know."

Of course, if trouble can be helped,  
Then crying is in vain;  
But when a wrong will not come right,  
Why should I not complain?

In Mamie's eyes  
I'm always wise;  
She never thinks me wrong;  
It's understood  
I'm always good—  
Good as the day is long.

All day I've kept a cheerful face,  
All day been on the strain;  
Now I may rest, or I may sigh,  
Or, if I like, complain.

My daughter thinks as papa thinks,  
And in her loving sight  
I am a clever, prudent man,  
Who has done all things right.

Faith so complete,  
Oh, it is sweet,  
When neither wise nor strong;  
But Love stands best.

The better test  
Of Sorrow and of Wrong.

Then come, my little Comforter,  
And climb upon my knee;  
You make the world seem possible  
When things go wrong with me.

For you've the wisdom far beyond  
The reach of any sage,  
The loving, tender, hopeful trust  
That best can strengthen age.

Say, "Papa dear,  
Now don't you fear;  
Before to-morrow night  
The cares you dread  
Will all have fled,  
And every thing be right."

—Harper's Weekly.

## AM I GROWING?

No Christian can afford to stand still. As a matter of fact he cannot be stationary. He must of necessity either go forward or backward. There is, in the character of every person, whether professing Christian or not, a constant, regular, unceasing growing, either better or worse.

It is important for every Christian to know beyond a question whether, day by day, he is growing stronger in the Christian life, or weaker. Often this is a most difficult question, and not infrequently it gives sincere earnest Christians serious trouble of mind.

It is well to remember that we cannot always be conscious of Christian growth, even though we may constantly be growing stronger and better. There are so many points at which we are liable to be temporarily overcome by temptation (and the great Tempter knows them all much better than we can), that when one of these is

assailed we give way to despondency and are apt to feel that we are losing instead of gaining in real Christian strength.

Years ago there was a grand old oak under whose wide-spreading branches we used to play with our youthful companions and find shelter and protection from the heat of the Summer's sun. The storms came and beat upon it, and its branches were swayed and bent by them, but when the storms had ceased the grand old tree stood there still in the magnificence of its strength, unharmed and really stronger because of its conflict with the elements. We never could see it grow, and after years of absence, when we returned to it, we could scarcely notice that it was larger than when we went away. But it was larger, and the storms that had beat upon it had not marred its grandeur or its beauty, but had made it stronger and the better able to withstand others. All those years it had been growing—growing slowly, it is true, but still growing.

So it may be with the Christian. His growth may not be rapid, but if he will put his trust in God, live in the glory of His sunshine, and draw upon Him with faith, as the oak draws strength from the air and from the earth, there will be a continuous and steady growth. Then when the storms come, as they do come to us all, they will beat upon him in vain, and these very storms will show him, vastly better than the calm, bright days ever could, that he is growing stronger day by day.

We write these words for the encouragement of those who are earnestly seeking strength but who may sometimes feel that they are gaining nothing in the struggle. The growth may, perhaps, be slow, but with the experience of faith and trust and prayer it will be sure and constant.—The Church Union.

## IS JESUS ON YOUR CROSS?

You may be bearing a heavy cross—a cross that bears you to the very earth with its weight and crucifixion, and yet receive no power of life from it, because Jesus is not on it.

There is an old legend that "when the Empress Helena went to the Holy Land in search of the true cross, excavations and great searches were made, and at last three crosses were discovered; but how were they to decide which was the true cross? They approached a dead body and laid one cross after another upon it, and when the cross of Jesus touched the cold, lifeless form, it at once sprang up in new life and vigor."

We use this fable to illustrate a great spiritual truth. When the cross of Christ touches dead souls they spring into new life. The presence of this new spiritual life is the test of the genuineness of our Christianity and our fidelity to the cross.

Jesus said: "If any man will be my disciple let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." Surely the Master did not mean the rich crosses that glitter on high altars, and tower above lofty domes, or the beautiful crosses that crowd richly furnished dwellings; or the crosses worn as ornaments, alike by the rich and poor. These bring no life from the dead. Too often they are meaningless symbols that mock heaven and mislead men.

But there is a true cross with a Christ upon it, that brings life, joy, and gladness, to dead souls. It is the cross of doing duty when it is hard to do it; of standing by the right even unto death, if need be; of following Jesus even though He leads through desert places and fiery furnaces. It is the cross of yielding heart, life and will to Him, and walking humbly and obediently in His commandments; toiling on patiently in the sphere of duty He assigns; meekly and patiently doing His will, and joyfully accepting trials, because of love for Him.

Reader, is Jesus on your cross? Does it bring spiritual life to your soul and are its fruits to be seen in your daily life?—The Christian Woman.

## Useful Hints and Recipes.

**DELICIOUS CAKE.**—Two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of butter, three eggs, three cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, scant teaspoonful of cream tartar. This will make two loaves.

**CORN BREAD.**—Three-fourths of a cup of lard and butter melted, two cups of sweet milk, one small tablespoonful of sugar, two cups corn-meal, one cup of flour, a little salt, two eggs beaten separately, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

**VEGETABLE SOUP.**—Take a shin of beef, six large carrots, six large onions, twelve turnips, six tomatoes, and one pound of rice or barley, parsley, leeks, summer savory, a bunch of sweet herbs in muslin; put all the ingredients into a soup kettle and boil all slowly together for four hours.

**SOFT GINGERBREAD.**—Two cups of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of sour milk, one cup of butter, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one-half of a nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar. This will make two large cakes.

**VEAL OMELET.**—Take two pounds of veal chopped fine; three eggs well beaten; three or four butter crackers rolled fine; two table-spoons of milk; one teaspoon of salt; a little cayenne pepper; one tablespoonful of powdered sage; mix all well together; add bits of butter; form into a loaf, cover with beaten egg, and bake one and a half hours, basting often.

**SCALLOPED LOBSTER.**—Pick out the meat from two middling-sized lobsters and cut fine in a chopping-tray, with a little salt, cayenne and mustard; pour over sufficient melted butter to moisten it; split the empty shells of the tails and the bodies and fill each of them neatly with the lobster; cover them with grated bread crumbs and put them into an oven fifteen minutes.



## Miscellaneous.

## THE HEART OF THE YEAR.

BY ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

White lay the world in her burial web;  
Deep in December her life was at ebb;  
Gray with great clouds, all the air-height was dim;  
Frost-fingers, cruel and stealthy and slim,  
Stiffened and sheathed every brier and stem,  
Breaths of slow death-wind detaining on them.

Heavy tree-branches swayed upward and fell,  
Moved like the swing of a funeral bell.  
Where were the toss and the shimmer of June?  
Glory of green that had vanished so soon?  
Bird-song and bloom? I outquestioned with fear:

"Heart of Winter! Oh, art thou the Heart of the Year?"

Hush of the snow, and the dull moan of trees—  
Durance of all—was there answer in these?  
Durance! That said it. The things that endure—

Bear, and wait on—are the things that are sure!  
Not in the shroud, or the pall, or the tear—  
Deep in the life, is the Heart of the Year!

Down where the pain and the shrinking can be,  
Buds the great Summer, for earth and for me.  
Down at the quick it must gather awhile—  
Grow to the fulness—for blossom and smile;  
Where the hopes lies, under hindrance and loss,

Lies the heart-meaning, the sign of the cross!  
Now it is June; and the secret is told:  
Flashed from the butterfly's glory of gold,  
Hummed in the humbeeb's gladness and sung  
New from each bough where a bird's-nest is swung;

Breathed from the clover-beds when the winds pass,  
Chirped in small psalms through the aisles of the grass.  
Beauty of roses—the lavish sweet delight—  
Splendor of trees, rearing up the blue height—  
Smell of the strawberry—balsam of pine—  
Bliss of the brook—this and rapture of mine!

Tell they not all, now their heydays is here,  
Heart of the Summer is Heart of the Year?  
Billowing forest, and balm-bearing breeze—  
Outcome of life—lies the answer in these?  
Waiting, fulfilling—holds neither the whole;  
Greater the gospel than joyance or dole;

Whether His snows or His roses befall,  
Heart of the Father is Heart of it all!  
—The Century.

## DEPARTMENT OF HOME MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

## A Card.

At a recent meeting of the Executive Council of the Board of Home Missions a resolution was passed, recommending to all the congregations of the three Eastern Synods, to devote the collections lifted on the first and second Sundays in September next to church building purposes, more particularly to assist in erecting new churches for our missions in Oregon, and in liquidating the indebtedness resting on the mission church at Emporia, Kansas. The attention of ministers and consistories is respectfully directed to this request of the Board.

THEODORE APPEL,  
General Superintendent.

## Dedication at New Castle, Pa.

The mission at New Castle was organized by a committee of the Allegheny Classis on the 25th of January, 1880, with sixteen members, and the Rev. J. M. Souder, having been commissioned by the Board of Missions, was installed as its pastor on the 1st of April following. For some time the congregation worshipped in a town hall, but was compelled by circumstances to change from place to place, until they saw the necessity of securing for themselves a house of worship of their own—something which a mission should look after with as little delay as possible, as its first lesson. The pastor, accordingly, went to work, and by dint of earnest effort, in season and out of season, succeeded at length in securing the necessary means to go forward in erecting a new house to the Lord. He met with success wherever he went, in the town and out of the town, in his Classis and also on the outside. About \$1000 were secured within the mission, and about \$1000 in the town or city of New Castle, and about \$1000 in Reformed congregations in his own and other Classis; in all, an amount sufficient to pay for the building and ground, within some \$500. Some few people thought it did not look well for a minister to travel about in this way collecting money, but our members generally took a different view of the case, and thought he ought rather to be encouraged in thus laboring for the benefit of others.

The new church was solemnly dedicated to the worship of God, on the 9th of June. The weather was pleasant, nature all around seemed smiling in festive robes, and everybody seemed to be happy as if on a festive occasion. The Rev. H. D. Darbaker, of Harmony, preached on Saturday evening previous; Rev. F. A. Edmonds, also of Harmony, on Sabbath morning; and the General Superintendent, ourselves, in the afternoon, at the dedicatory services, and also in the evening. The consecratory services were conducted by the pastor, according to the "grand and impressive forms of Classis," as a military gentleman and a good elder in the Presbyterian Church reports in a local paper.

Much interest seemed to be manifested during the meetings by the ministers and members of other denominations in the place, and their kind wishes for its future success and usefulness were duly appreciated.

The following resident clergymen were present and took part in the services: Rev. C. H. Dunlap, Rev. M. H. Calkins, Rev. Dr. Crane, Rev. Dr. Thayer, Rev. H. Henderson and Rev. C. Waltz. It gives us pleasure here to record their names, just as it gave us pleasure to form their acquaintance. Several other clergymen were prevented from being present, and they expressed their regret that they could not attend.

The church building is modest and unpre-

tending, 32 by 54 feet, of brick, Gothic in style, with space for about 350 persons, and just as handsome on the outside and as cozy in the inside as any person could desire or wish, with white-wood seats, having walnut trimmings and paneled ends, together with a walnut pulpit and altar. The walls are neat and plain, kalsomined, and one of Bailey's reflectors lights up the room to the remotest recesses. The cost of the building was \$3,669 exactly. About \$130 were raised at the dedication, leaving a balance of between three and four hundred dollars still to be provided for. That we understand is to be attended to without delay. Let it be done, if possible, before the annual reports to the Synods are called for.

It is proper here to add that the missionary and the mission have all along received valuable help from the brethren Edmonds, Darbaker and others in carrying forward this enterprise. Without such assistance—especially from the Committee of Classis—it would not have made such encouraging progress. It enjoys the good will of the community, is growing in membership, and promises well for the future. One of the papers says that the "result witnessed at the dedication was largely due to the wise and untiring exertions of the pastor, upheld, of course, by his members."

## Report on Missions in Somerset Classis.

It is gratifying to your Committee on Missions to be able to report favorably upon the work which has been accomplished within our borders during the last year. In compliance with the instruction of Classis at its last meeting, missionary conferences have been held in several charges; new missionary societies have been organized; missionary intelligence has been diffused by the circulation of the *Missionary Herald*, and in other ways; and, as a result, our contributions for benevolent objects have been encouragingly increased. We would suggest that Classis take the following action:

1. *Resolved*, That each pastor, in whose charge a missionary conference has not been held, unite his efforts with those of the committee to hold such conference during the coming classical year.

2. *Resolved*, That pastors be requested to organize missionary societies in their congregations whenever, in their judgment, it is practicable.

3. *Resolved*, That we recognize the great value of the *Missionary Herald* in diffusing knowledge regarding the subject of missions and the work of the Church in this direction, and that we therefore urge upon pastors and elders the duty of using their efforts and influence to increase its circulation.

4. *Resolved*, That in order to help our missionary work in the Western States, Classis urge upon its pastors to direct such of their members as contemplate moving to the West to locate in sections where the Reformed Church is already established; or to go as much as possible in colonies, so that the labor of organizing congregations may thus be facilitated. Respectfully submitted,

S. R. BRIDENBAUGH,  
Chairman.

Latrobe, Pa.

On our way to attend the dedication of the new church at New Castle we stopped at several of our missionary points to ascertain how they were getting along. We found the mission at Latrobe making a gradual progress under Rev. S. H. Eisenberg. Its debt, however, is very much in its way, and its early removal is a consummation most devoutly to be wished for. As long as that remains the congregation must labor under a serious disadvantage, and be kept from becoming self-supporting and vigorous in its growth. The sooner, therefore, this incubus is attacked and removed, or diminished, the better it will be. It will, however, require some outside help in such an undertaking, which we believe will be freely extended by other churches, when once an earnest effort to meet the difficulty is fairly initiated. The present peaceful condition of the mission, and the pleasant relations between the pastor and people, we may hope, are preparing the way for such a movement. If it cannot be carried through at once, let it be done in sections, which, allowing the congregation now and then some time for a resting spell, will only be the means of giving it new strength to go on and finish the work.

## Selections.

Reform is the true antidote to the spirit of revolution.—Justin McCarthy.

Heaven must be very near to us, else how could the angels be so near to us, and yet so near to God.—Schonberg-Cotta Family.

Nothing but the blood of Christ can wash out the foul stains of my life; and that will do it. As sure as sin is death, Christ is life.—Thomas Adam.

The world is out of tune, and our hearts are out of tune, and the more our souls vibrate to the music of heaven, the more must they feel the discords of earth.—Ibid.

"If I have faith in Christ, I shall love Him; if I love Him, I shall keep His commandments; if I do not keep His commandments, I do not love Him, I do not believe in Him."—Thomas Adam.

A pure, sincere, and stable spirit is not distracted (though it be employed) in many works; for it works all to the honor of God, and inwardly being still and quiet, seeks not itself in anything it doth.—Thomas a Kempis.

"He sendeth sun; He sendeth shower;  
Alike they're needful to the flower;  
And smiles and tears alike are sent  
To give the soul fit nourishment.  
As comes to me, or cloud, or sun!  
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done."

I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely for anything but it came. At some time, no matter at how distant a day, somehow, in some shape—probably the last I should have devised—it came.—Dr. A. Judson.

Poor sad humanity  
Through all the dust and heat,  
Turns back with bleeding feet,  
By the weary road it came,  
Unto the simple thought  
By the Great Master taught,  
And that remaineth still.  
Not he that repeateth the name,  
But he that doeth the will.  
—H. W. Longfellow.

Forgetfulness is one of the broad ways of sin. A ship can be lost by carelessness as well as by design. The evils of life come mainly through inattention. If I mind not, I find not. Souls are lost at no cost. Every man has a weak side; but a wise man knows where it is, and will keep a double guard there.—John Reid.

## Science and Art.

RE-VACCINATION. — The London papers have discussed at much length the results of re-vaccination as exhibited in the case of between 10,000 and 11,000 persons permanently employed in the postal service, all of whom were required to undergo revaccination on admission to the service, unless that operation had been performed within seven years previously. Among these persons, according to the data now officially published, there has not occurred a single fatal case of small-pox, and in only ten cases non-fatal attacks, all of these being of a very slight character. On the other hand, it appears that in the telegraph department, where the enforcement of revaccination was not carried out with the same completeness, twelve cases occurred in the same period, among a staff averaging about 1,500; eight of these attacks were of persons not re-vaccinated, and one proved fatal, while the remaining four were of re-vaccinated persons, who all perfectly recovered without pitting.

THE TELEGRAPH IN EUROPE.—Statistics have been published at Berne of the telegraphic system of Europe, which show the following impressive facts: In length of lines Russia is first, with 50,090 miles; Germany is next, with 44,265; France has 43,650; Austria-Hungary, 31,015; Great Britain, 26,465; Italy, 16,430; Sweden and Norway, 12,625; Switzerland, 4,097; and Belgium, 3,505. In length of wires, however, Germany stands first, having 159,910 miles; Russia is second, with 134,466; France third, with 125,263; and then follows Great Britain with 121,720; Austria-Hungary with 89,960; Italy with 53,692; Sweden and Norway with 28,445; Belgium with 16,345; and Switzerland with 10,010. Russia's length of wires, as will be seen, is much less in proportion to her length of lines than that of most other countries, a fact which the geographical nature of the country will easily explain. England, for instance, has 4½ miles of wires to every mile of line. For messages sent the figures are these: England, 29,720,445; France, 19,882,628; Germany, 16,312,457; Austria-Hungary, 8,729,321; Russia, 7,298,422; Italy, 8,511,497; Holland, 3,109,230; and Sweden and Norway, 2,028,805. England, on this reckoning, therefore, surpasses Russia by more than four times as many messages, and has nearly double the number that Germany has.

THE CABLE MOTOR OF THE UNION PASSENGER RAILWAY.—About sixty workmen are engaged in laying the new tracks of the Union Passenger Railway Company on its Columbia avenue branch, along which the cars are to be hauled to and from Twenty-third street and the East Park entrance, a distance of a mile, by means of an underground steel cable running upon iron wheels, and moved by engines stationed at the depot at Twenty-third street. At present a double track has been laid as far west as Thirtieth street, and the street paved with asphalt and ground broken and the roadbed and northern side of the roadway to the railway bridge crossing Columbia avenue at Thirty-first street. About three squares remain to be completed, when the East Park entrance will be reached. Two Porter & Allen engines, of 100 horse-power each, have been built at the Southwark Foundry, on Washington avenue, and are ready for delivery as soon as the boilers now at the depot are permanently in place. It is expected to have this car running on the straight track in three weeks, and around the curves and switches in a little longer time, some delay being found in getting the curved castings ready. The cable, which is of steel wire, 1½ inches in diameter, will run around iron wheels 14 inches in diameter, placed in manholes 32 feet apart, and, therefore, easy of access. An iron cable will be held in reserve for contingencies. The aperture in the street, through which the clutch-bar will be attached to or detached from the moving cable, thus causing the car to move or stop, as the conductor, who is to stand upon the front platform, may desire, is about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and discernible only as a narrow slit, barely admitting the insertion of a finger, and apparently no impediment or obstruction to travel, as evidenced by the animals and vehicles belonging to the company which now daily pass over it with materials for paving and track laying. The cars are to be run in couples, the front one being built especially for the purposes, and provided with clutches and cow-catchers, and the rear ones with extra strong platforms, with the proper connecting apparatus. All the cars are to have safety boards at the sides, so that in no case can a passenger get under the wheels.

## Personal.

Gustave Dore has bought a site in Paris for \$115,000, on which he will build a mansion for his own use.

Father Hyacinthe has made a very successful preaching tour through Normandy. He had large and attentive audiences.

Mr. Moody will be in Paris in October fifteen days. He proposes to do evangelical work among the English and Americans.

Mrs. Taylor, widow of the tenth President, is described as a plump and well-preserved lady, with pleasant blue eyes, a smooth and placid countenance, and silvery hair.

The Pope, in an allocution at the consistory on Monday, said the position of the Church in Italy was becoming worse than ever. The government, he declared, was guilty of bad faith, in refusing exequaturs to twenty bishops he had nominated.

The Rev. Dr. John Hill, the American who died in Greece recently, was very active in forwarding female education in Greece. He established a school for girls in Athens fifty years ago, which has been sustained by the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States.

Arabi Pacha recently gave orders to have the life of Napoleon I translated into Arabic, saying to his friends: "Napoleon is my model."

I will do what he did—nay, I will do more. I will found an Arabian Empire." He has also tried to play the role of a prophet by frequently quoting the Koran and professing to have familiar interviews with the ghost of Mahomet.

## Items of Interest.

The Census Bureau of Japan reports for 1881 nearly 900,000 births and about 600,000 deaths.

Twelve million bushels of corn were last year made into glucose in the United States alone. Brewers were the largest consumers.

All the stars and insignia of the different decorations bestowed on Napoleon III. by other sovereigns are about to be sold among the French crown jewels.

Great preparations are being made at Assisi (Italy), for the celebration of the seventh centenary of the birth of St. Francis. It is expected that an address will be delivered by M. Cesare Cantu.

The Duke of Hamilton, the sale of whose effects has created such an interest in England lately, has been offered by Lord Rosebery the sum of £1,000,000 for the Island of Arran, on which Hamilton Palace is situated; but he declines to sell it.

The recent strike of the London cabmen has naturally led to various estimates of the daily earnings of metropolitan cabs. The lowest of these is about \$48,000, and some authorities think that \$60,000 would not be too large an estimate.

Japan is promised a constitutional form of government at the end of eight years. By way of preparation for that event, the Japanese Minister at Berlin has been instructed to make a careful study of the Prussian system of government, which is likely to be the one chosen as a model.

The lady teachers of Illinois are coming to the surface in politics. The Republicans of Bureau County have nominated Miss Emma V. White, of Princeton, for School Superintendent. Miss Ella Parker is the Republican nominee for Superintendent of Schools in Richland county, and Miss Sarah J. Gray, in Coles county. Miss Ella Sherman is a candidate on the Greenback ticket for the same office in Marion county.

Just now is the time to grow fruit in bottles. Insert an apple into a bottle, bringing the neck of the bottle up to the limb on which the apple grows, tying the bottle so it will not drag on the apple, and in the fall there will be a bottled apple. A little later, cut out your initials and gum them on a red apple just as it is getting rosy, and in the fall, by removing the papers, you will have your initials in light color to surprise those who see.

## Farm and Garden.

To preserve fruit stuff the skin of a cat until it looks like life, then set it on the limb of a cherry tree, or in some natural position on the strawberry-bed; if the position is changed every day, it will effectually frighten away the birds.

If you have hens of the right breed and age, warm and sunny quarters for them to stay in, and keep them supplied with everything they need, you will have eggs, simply because hens can no more help laying than they can help breathing.

Experienced cultivators know that in the driest times soil kept well cultivated will show a certain degree of moisture two or three inches below the surface, and when not cultivated it will be dry as powder several feet deep. The influence of culture in this respect is truly wonderful, and especially when the sub-soil plough has been employed. This greatly increases the power of the soil to draw moisture from below in a time of drought.

CHECKING ARMY WORMS.—An ingenious and effective method of checking the ravages of the army worm was used at Holmdel, N. J., recently. Messrs. Albro & Crawford, the owners of a farm near that town, discovered an immense column of the worm advancing in the direction of their corn fields. All the available force on the farm was at once called out, and a deep ditch was dug along the side of the field, between the corn and the army worms, and when the ditch was filled with the pests the trench was filled with kerosene, which was fired. The flames, of course, consumed the occupants of the ditch, but the flames did not check the advance of those behind nor turn aside the line of march. The fire was kept up until the rear guard had tumbled into the ditch and been consumed. A neighboring farmer whose premises were invaded did not have time to dig a trench, so he scattered straw in front of the advancing army and set it on fire. It did good service, but did not prove as effective as the other plan.

PRESERVING VINES FROM THE BUGS.—A gardener gives the following method for destroying or driving away the squash borer: Take copperas one quarter pound dissolved in one gallon of water; when dissolved pour around the roots of the vines. One application will usually dispose of the evil, and do the vines no harm. This remedy I tried last year, and saved my squashes after the borer had begun his work, and shall use the above remedy this year, if needed. One gallon of copperas water will be sufficient for six hills, with one application.

For general application to all kinds of bugs, a correspondent thinks tar water is effective. Stir coal tar in a vessel of water, let it stand over night till the water is scented and colored with the coal-tar; then, morning, noon, and evening, or as often as convenient, go and sprinkle the vines and hill with the liquid; it will both keep the bugs away and make the plants grow more vigorously, being a good stimulant to such plants. Sprinkling the ground freely over the hill will almost wholly kill or keep away the cut-worms and grubs. Very freely applied it does much to kill off the potato beetle, which is so destructive in some localities.

MORIBD APPETITE IN PIGS.—We have found one quart of new-process linseed meal to each pig per day would satisfy when coal and ashes fall to do so. A quart of peas has also had a good effect. The pigs would crack

the peas with great apparent relish. It is well, also, to mix a little fine-pulverized bone with the salt when young hogs are fed almost wholly upon corn. Corn is deficient in phosphate of lime to form the growing bone. The bone may be prepared by burning, then pounding fine and grinding in a large coffee-mill. But the bone meal, ground fine, may be purchased at \$3 per 100 pounds. Mix salt and ground bone in equal parts, and let the pigs have access to it.

To explain the effect of the linseed meal and peas, we have only to remember that corn has only 1½ per cent. of ash, while linseed meal has 6½ per cent.; and this is rich in phosphate of lime or bone material, besides having three times as much muscle-forming matter. Peas have the same nutritive effect, only in a less degree. Linseed meal balances the corn, and makes it a complete ration, satisfying all the wants of pigs. Cotton seed meal is the same class of food, a little less digestible. Wheat bran will have the same effect in a less degree. The pig-feeder should endeavor to give a variety of food, not omitting scalded clover hay in Winter, and green clover in Summer. This gives the bulk in food necessary to health.—National Live-Stock Journal.

## Books and Periodicals.

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS. Prescott. Passages from the works of William Hickling Prescott. For homes, libraries and schools. Compiled by Josephine E. Hodgdon. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1882.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., who have published the standard edition of Prescott's works under the efficient editorship of J. Foster Kirk, himself a historian of repute, have issued these leaflets to give parents, teachers and others some idea of the riches contained in the writings of one of America's most popular authors. The following is a list of the subjects brought to notice: Introductory Sketch, William Hickling Prescott; Aztec Civilization, Interview with the Aztec, Montezuma and his Empire, Embassy and Presents, March to Cempoalla, Despatches sent to Spain, Marriage of Philip and Mary, Abdication of Charles the Fifth, Pizarro and Lima, The Last Triumph of the Inca.

No one who reads any one of these leaflets can fail to wish for more.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of the Living Age for July 29th and August 5th contain: Newton and Darwin, by R. A. Proctor; Aesthetic Poetry, Dante Gabriel Rossetti; The Pilgrimage to Kevlar, and Contemporary Life and Thought in France, Contemporary; The Lights of Maga, and Autobiographies in the Time of the Commonwealth, Lucy Hutchinson, Alice Thornton, Blackwood: Some Thoughts on Browning, and Personal Reminiscences of Garibaldi, Macmillan; Indian Smells and Sounds, Temple Bar; The Irish "Brogue" in Fiction; a Protest, Month; Humors of Irish District Visiting, and Snake Anecdotes, Chambers' Journal; with instalments of "Robin," "The Marquis Jeanne Hyacinth de St. Palaye," "The Ladies Lindores," and "Goneril," and selections of poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each or more than 3,300 pages a year, the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with the Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

## Married.

By Rev. Geo. H. Johnston, July 27th, 1881, in Philadelphia, Allen F. Kemmerer, of Cataqua, Pa., to Miss Mary Jane Semmell, of Philadelphia (formerly at the Orphans' Home, Womelsdorf).

## Obituaries.

DIED.—At his home near Alexandria, Huntingdon county, Pa., July 18, 1882, Christian Fouse, aged 57 years, 4 months and 17 days. Mr. Fouse was the second son of Rev. Theobald Fouse of sainted memory, and it is needless to say, received in childhood and youth precious lessons of heavenly truth and love that left their lasting impress on his life. Many of his father's sermons dwell as blessed memories in his heart, till he, himself, followed that father to the heavenly home.

The faith of Christian Fouse was the faith of a little child: it was deep as his own life. I think he might as readily have doubted his own being, as doubted the presence and love of his Saviour and his own acceptance in Him. His love for the church of his fathers was beautiful, and shone with a steady brilliancy throughout his life. He was a sweet singer, and in his father's church he led for many years the congregation in sacred song. Often, often, as sweet song arose in the sanctuary, have I seen the tears course down his manly, sun-browned face. He possessed a hearty appreciation of life and its blessings, was kind of disposition, cheerful and hospitable.

Ten years ago he removed from Woodcock Valley, his childhood's home, to near Alexandria, where he resided till the time of his death.

He was twice married, and was greatly blessed in the companions that God gave him; and if a godly household of many children, honoring their father and mother and each other, entitles a father to honorable mention, then brother Fouse is worthy of high rank as a Christian father.

Three years ago he was stricken with paralysis, from which he never fully recovered. Since then, though giving whatever attention he could to the farm and to various interests, business and social, he lived in daily expectation of the last messenger. Though, after the final stroke on Thursday, five days before his death, his tongue could no longer speak the names of loved ones, yet who that knew him living doubts that "The music of His name" refreshed his soul in death.

One year ago he lost by death a loved and lovely child, Clara. This blow almost broke his heart. He could never speak of her but tears would suffuse his eyes and emotion choke his utterance.

Having been with him in the army, I knew him well, and here bear witness that in that trying position where many who by profession and reputation were God-fearing men seemed to part with their Christian character, Mr. Fouse honored, by a consistent walk and conversation, his Saviour and his God.

We who knew him as friend and neighbor shall miss him in the church and in social life. But what shall I say of their loss, to whom he was the kind and loving father and husband, in whose hearts and home there has been formed a vacancy that nothing on earth can ever fill! May the infinite tenderness and love of Him who wept at the grave of Lazarus comfort them. M.



# The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.  
 Rev. J. H. SECHLER,  
 Rev. D. B. LADY,  
 Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.  
 We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.  
 For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1882.

SCPTICISM and infidelity, in whatever age they may vaunt themselves, are always sure to admit that there is a poor prospect before the world. The French people, who dressed up a harlot as the "Goddess of Reason," and paraded her through the street of Paris in a gilded chariot, with flying banners and wailing music, were soon compelled to acknowledge, that if there were no God of the Bible, it would be necessary to invent one to keep things in order. Voltaire, not in his hours of extremity—not when he cried, "O God, I am dying of torments," although the nation was then singing his apotheosis in the theatre, but when more copies of his writings than of the Holy Scriptures were being sold—was compelled to say that destruction yawned where there was no hope of immortality in Christ Jesus. The late concessions of M. Renan, whose exquisite literature has served as an attractive garb for Rationalism, show that he has come to the same conclusion. He says: "We are living on the perfume of an empty vase. Our children will have to live on the shadow of a shadow. Their children, I fear, will have to subsist on something less."

The centrifugal and centripetal forces that operate in the world of nature, seem to have their analogy at least in the tendencies of men. For a long time the tendency in the Church has been to separation, and the schism has been of as much value in the eyes of some as the original body from which it was broken. Denominational titles have had a kind of india-rubber capacity, and men under the same name have preached what seemed to be dissonant theories. Of late years, however, the other tendency has set in. The differences which have caused splits, have often been found to be upon non-essential points, and besides, with proper explanations, these differences have been found compatible with outward unity and concentrated work. This has been illustrated by the late peace movements of many branches of the Church of Christ.

It is sad in view of past experiences to see that divisions still occur. The Ohio Synod of the Lutheran Church has lately withdrawn from the Synodical conference to which it formerly belonged, and the Tunkers have been virtually rent in twain. This shows that any thing can be exalted into a principle and made a bone of contention. The doctrine of predestination, or strictures in regard to the cut of a coat, may enter into a man's mind as conscientious scruples and seem to justify him in seeking some new organization. And yet there may be nothing in all this either way that is essential to salvation, and the divisions will retard the work for Christ. Those whose feelings have led them to separation, will not be in such near sympathy as to labor together for the upbuilding of God's kingdom. On the other hand they will be apt to build two churches where there need be but one, or there may be endless litigations about property, such as have been already inaugurated among the Tunkers.

The division of a church is always a sad thing, and whoever helps to entail one does an evil which will remain long after he has passed away from the earth.

An interesting correspondent of the *New York Observer* furnishes a strange, sad account of the Scandinavians, from whose lower ranks the Mormons are gathering their recruits. He gives statistics to show the utter laxity of this class of people, as far as marital relations are concerned. Purity in domestic life seems to be at a terribly low ebb, and when the pure fountains of the family upon which so much depends, are set at naught, it is no wonder that young women should consent to come to America and submit to any social position upon promise of a vegetable garden or a peach orchard in fee simple.

THE aggregate expenditure of churches for maintaining and extending public wor-

ship in this country is \$175,000,000. This is less than three and one half dollars for each person, and when it is remembered that many contribute much more than that amount, the fact that many give nothing must be very apparent. If every individual were to give as God has prospered him, the sum would be far greater—enough to meet all the demands for missions. The one-talent men who think because they cannot contribute thousands, they are excused from giving anything, are responsible for deficiencies. It is by the multitude of small donations that the treasury of the church is to be kept full.

A correspondent of the *Presbyterian* who has evidently had his eyes open, even if he has not passed through some experiences, gives this advice:

"Do not imagine you can set every thing right by preaching a sermon at it. Sometimes you will only set it more stubbornly the other way. You will be often tempted to take matters into the pulpit that are most in place out of it; difficulties between church members, insinuations against the minister, indiscretions among the young people. You have found a text that would just suit the case, and such sharp things as you could say with it. Better not do it. Handle those things privately, and quite carefully at that. A few pleasant words personally with a too frolicsome lad or lassie will do better execution than a forty-minute homily belabored over the head and shoulders."

THE work of building a memorial to Father Martin, the old worker in the Sunday School cause in this city, has not been forgotten. It will take the form of a school cottage for the orphanage of the Presbyterian Church, of which he was a member. Such a monument will be far better than a shaft of marble, and such monuments might be built in thousands of instances. Will our people remember this? Mere grave-stones do not last long or amount to much.

WE are almost sick of reading accounts of deaths from toy-pistols, the harvest of which set in about the fourth of July, and has not yet ended. One exchange estimates that the lives of not less than one hundred boys, in different parts of the country, have been reported from this one cause. There should be some law against the manufacture and sale of such foolish, yet deadly implements.

A metropolitan rector in New York, appreciates the worldly tide in that great city. When asked by his bishop to secure the attendance of business men upon a week-day service, he replied: "It is as much as I can do to get a man to come up town in day time to attend his wife's funeral."

THE *Presbyterian Review* for July, has this statement on its cover. "Each author is solely responsible for the views expressed in his article, the editors responsible only for the propriety of admitting the article." Dr. A. A. Hodge editorially explains this statement, by saying that "the *Review* is the property of six Theological Seminaries, and is edited in the service of the Presbyterian Church as a whole, including all recognized parties." The articles are not regarded as expounding the opinions of the editor-in-chief, but it is conceded that there is room enough at sea for a friendly fight upon non-essential points. The church needs healthy discussion upon these topics, and it is thought best to allow the latitude rather than accuse the differing brother of heresy. We are behind the times if we do not allow the same privileges.

## CHURCH EXTENSION.

Since our remarks on this subject last week, we discovered in the Minutes of last General Synod a reference to it, which we had overlooked. It occurs in the report of the Board of Home Missions, in the form of a recommendation, as follows:

"We recommend that the General Synod take measures to revive the Church Extension Society, and so create a church-building fund, by which missions or poor congregations may receive assistance in putting up new churches or in paying off old debts, in the way of loans, properly secured, and paying a moderate interest. This would be of great use in promoting the missionary work in the church at large, and might begin at once if the General Synod would request all the congregations within its bounds to make an appropriation to this object annually. The loans made in former years to missionary congregations might in part at least also be paid back to the society. Accordingly we so recommend."

Turning now to the "Report of Com. on Home Missions," we find the following reference to the above recommendation:

"The report of one of the subordinate boards recommends the revival of a Church Extension Fund to aid, in the way of loans, in the erection of new church-buildings for missions that are destitute of such buildings."

That is all. Of the five resolutions that are embraced in the committee's report there is not one for the revival of Church Extension. The matter seems to have been entirely dropped, for the present at least. We hope it is not "dead and gone." If it has never been a power in our Church, there is no reason why it could not become such. The object is excellent, as any one can see. The Presbyterians and the Methodists know of what use it is, and have found it to be a very paying institution, one of the best material means of carrying forward the Lord's work in building up His Church and saving souls.

For example: a minister sallying forth from his parochial head-quarters finds in a certain locality enough Reformed people to be constituted a church. But they must, by all means, have a house of worship, but may be too poor to erect the most inexpensive chapel. Now remember, that "to the poor the gospel is preached"—if not always, it ought to be. The minister who found them out and organized them into a church now tells them to do what they can themselves, and he will see about securing aid elsewhere to complete the work. Suppose he applies to the Board of Missions; but he is kindly told that there are no funds on hand, and none pledged, except for specific and limited mission work. Then the good enterprise, with all its bright prospects for the future, must either be abandoned or the Church appealed to in a desultory and irregular way to save it. And with very uncertain result. But now if we had a Church Extension fund, it would be very different. The supposed new and poor congregation referred to might obtain means from this source, either as a loan or gift, and the good work would not cease, and in due time another congregation would be seen going up to the house of the Lord.

If we rightly understand, Church Extension is much more easily managed than Missions. It comes in well as supplementary to the latter. There need be no fixed amount named or pledged for the people to contribute. The Board of Church Extension need assume no responsibility in reference to poor Churches, and simply helps, so far as it can, such enterprises as are worthy, and which properly come within the limits of its special work. Why the General Synod (as it seems) paid no attention to the recommendation of the Board of Missions we cannot say, but we hope this branch of the Church will not only be born again, but nourished also, and made to be of eminent service in the Lord's vineyard. K.

## CONCERNING THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

Iowa has been heard from. She shook herself again on the 27th of June and gave a rousing majority in favor of the Constitutional amendment, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks within the limits of her territory.

Bishop Hurst, in writing about this victory for the Temperance cause, in the *N. Y. Independent*, says, the result was largely due to the influence of the Churches of Iowa. We hope our young and vigorous Reformed congregations in that State had a hand in the labor, and are now sharing in the honor of the achieved victory. If the Church is to influence society and the State at all, and she has done so through all her history, we can conceive of no better work that she can be at than lending a helping hand, and using the power she wields over a large body of voters, in passing a Constitutional amendment, similar to that of Iowa, in every State of the Union.

In the earlier centuries of Christianity, the idea largely prevailed that the Church was entirely separate from the State to such an extent that a man's becoming a Christian ought to result in his withdrawal from the ordinary affairs of life, that he should seek the solitude of a lonely cave, in the desert, or a cell in some religious house and spend all his time in prayer and religious meditation. Those who did this were looked upon by many as saints. But an overwhelming majority of Christians have never fallen in with this idea, and it has probably less adherents to-day than ever. Most of the followers of Christ believe it to be their privilege and duty to take an active part in the world's work. This is undoubtedly the correct idea.

Where three-fourths of the population is Christian, the public business should certainly not be given over to the ungodly one-fourth. Every day does not become a Sabbath for the Christian, but the spirit of that holy day is carried into the business of the week. A man does not withdraw from the currents of secular activity, because he has enlisted in the service of Christ, but he moves on under the power of new, pure and elevating principles, and the stream loses part of its corruption and sin, and becomes clean and healthful because He is in it. God be thanked that we have our Christian voters, our Christian statesmen and our Christian nations. This fact does not confer eternal salvation upon the citizens of such nations, but much less does it stand in the way of their salvation. And it does bring them great good of a subordinate character.

There is no question which affects the public good in community, State or nation, to which the Christian minister, the Christian congregation and the Christian voters do not sustain a relation, and with reference to which they do not have a duty. Their religion puts them in sentiment and feeling on the right side. If not, it is spurious, or their claim to have part and lot therein is a false one. They owe it to their Master, to their religion, to their State and to themselves, to labor and vote that error may be overthrown and that truth and right may win.

There is a possibility that the people of this State will have an opportunity of voting upon a Constitutional amendment prohibiting intoxicating drink from being made and sold. Agitation has already begun in some of the counties. The result in Iowa can hardly fail to give considerable impulse to the movement. We trust a grand shaking up will follow. It is our conviction that the Church, through pulpit and press, should use her influence in favor of securing an opportunity for the people to vote on this question at an early day. Why should we not discuss the subject in our ecclesiastical assemblies and pass suitable resolutions with reference to it? Why should not every minister in the neighborhood in which he lives try to cultivate the popular sentiment in the direction of prohibition? Then, when the final test of an election comes, pastor and people will work and vote, first, last and all the time, to stop, or at least lessen, the use of those body and soul-destroying beverages, which are now doing so much temporal and spiritual harm to the people of this State. L.

THE *Deutsches Montagsblatt* has discovered a baron, distinguished for the fact that he has eighty-three pairs of trousers. They are all made of the same piece. He bought the entire web and had it made up because it would have been very disagreeable to the "financial nobleman," if one of his colleagues could have appeared in pants of a similar pattern. Good; it is well for a man to have some noted feature. But won't the ambitious fops envy him?

Our agent, Rev. H. K. Binkley, reports thirty new subscribers for the MESSENGER and seventeen for the *Hausfreund* in the Quakertown charge, of which Rev. F. J. Moore is pastor. Very good work for this hot weather.

It is said that an unfinished work of Emmanuel Kant has been discovered and is to be published in Germany. Kant died in 1804, with great reputation as a thinker, and since then he has been greatly studied, but it is doubtful whether a new book from his pen would excite much general interest. Transcendental Philosophy has had its day, and men care more about the practical work of life.

## Among the Exchanges.

An exchange wants to know "What began it?" and gives this case:

"As the heavy prison bolts turned on the minister, he looked sadly on the prisoners in their strange garments, and thought with more and more anxiety of his errand. He had come to see a young man of his congregation convicted of forgery. The heart-broken parents had begged him to visit the prison, hoping the peace of the Gospel might reach even his gloomy cell. As the minister kindly greeted him, the youth scarcely replied, but gazed with a sort of defiance. He began giving the mother's tender message, with the interest all the church felt in his welfare. At last the prisoner broke out, 'Do you know you was what done it?' 'What have I done?' replied the pastor, striving to understand his strange language. 'I began the business,' returned the youth, speaking very loud, 'in your Sunday school. Don't you remember the Sunday-school fair, when they first set up raffling and hid a gold ring in a loaf of cake? Just for twenty-five cents, too, I got a whole box of little books. I was pleased with my luck, and went in afterward for chances. Sometimes I gained, and some-

times I lost. Money I must have for lotteries. I was half mad with excitement; so I used other folk's names, and here I am. Don't let the church come blubbing around me. They may thank themselves! Their raffling was what done it! It ruined me."

The *United Presbyterian* guards against the open joints of latitudinarianism through which permanent defection enters in this way:

"It would be interesting, if it were possible, to look into the motives of Christians as they supply themselves with religious reading. It would doubtless disclose the fact that men are often willing to tolerate for themselves and their households a great deal that is directly hostile to the religion they profess, and that is sure to educate them, more or less, either into indifference or scepticism. Here is the 'family paper' that does not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, the evangelical theory of the atonement, or the doctrine of final retribution. Here is another that sneers at the 'Puritan Sabbath' and laughs at the fiction of a 'change of heart.' A third praises the destructive criticism, and gives its whole influence to the analytical practices that are so taking the gospel fabric to pieces that it can never be put together again. The good man who sees these things in his paper regrets them, perhaps, yet goes on reading them and encouraging his children in doing so. The same man, however, if he find something in his weekly that offends his notions on some small affair of partisan concern will grow indignant and forbid its coming to his house. There is many a man who can stand among profane swearers without pain or protest who, if he hear a word said against his denomination, will be unsparing in his expressions of scorn. It is the same way with his reading. He can tolerate columns of infidelity, but a word that does not suit his sectarian, or partisan, or factional notions and prejudices will set him aflame in an instant. It ought to be easy to apportion our love and indignation upon the basis of Christian intelligence, but it does not seem to be so."

The *Methodist* ought to know all about it, and it says:

"The camp-meeting season is upon us, and it may be hoped that all concerned will use their best endeavors to make it productive of the greatest possible amount of good, with the least of harm. It will be well to recognize the fact that, except in the most secluded rural districts, the camp-meeting of fifty years ago no longer exists, and that what we now have, while it bears the name and the traditions of its ancestor, has really developed into quite another thing. It is something worse than simply useless to deplore what is hopelessly lost, and especially to refuse to recognize the fact that the dead is really not alive. The 'old-fashioned camp-meeting' should accordingly be accounted as simply a reminiscence or a tradition, like the manna in the wilderness. Our new-fashioned gatherings in the groves or by the seaside—for rest and recreation—possibly in part for gossip and display, with a very mild infusion of religion—or else for the promotion of some specialty—must not be looked to as to any considerable extent among the evangelistic agencies through which souls are to be saved. The self-satisfied restfulness, or the world-enjoying and world-seeking spirit that usually pervades such assemblies is altogether unfriendly to earnest religious action, and the attempt to galvanize the defunct body of the original camp-meeting into an artificial religious activity will probably result very much like the attempted eviction of the demons by the Jewish sorcerers. As an inexpensive device for summer out-door holidays, with the accompaniment of religious restraints to guard against dangerous excesses, and of religious exercises for agreeable and not altogether unprofitable pastimes, these gatherings may have their use. Let these be carefully conserved and little further either expected or aimed at."

Chaplain C. C. McCabe, whose praise is in very many of the churches of our Methodist brethren, wrote as follows on "red tape":

"Allow a word of exhortation on the subject of 'red tape.' Often the criticism is made that there is too much connected with the management of our work of Church Extension. Sometimes I get in a hurry myself and advance the money before the Board has time to act. Now here is one such case. A certain church in Michigan stood in great need of aid. It seemed to me the situation was extremely urgent. I borrowed the money and advanced \$200, while the papers should go through the 'circumlocution mill.' When Dr. Kynett ground out his grist slowly and deliberately he finds that our people have built a church on a lot for which there is nothing but a tax title, and that upon this property, held by such an uncertain title, there is a mortgage of \$427. Now had I permitted the church to apply for aid in regular form this fact would have been discovered. Dr. Kynett says he often finds our people, led by a preacher who has no business ability at all, building a church upon land for which they have no title whatever. Let us stick to the 'red tape,' and go slowly, then we will go safely."

The *Interior* has come to this conclusion:

"The 'Mountain Evangelist' Barnes was not successful at Dayton. He has learned how to strike a few chords in the human sensibilities, as have most of the professional so-called evangelists, and he strikes them vigorously. But the performance cannot be repeated, even among the uncultured. The sensation becomes an old experience, and ceases to stir or surprise, but, on the contrary, becomes an annoyance. At Dayton he fell in with a people who were intelligent enough to study his art, and who could only be surprised by the grossness of his sensational expressions. He intends to go to the eastern cities and to Europe, where the intelligent will go to hear him as a curiosity. It is plain that there is no genuine gospel preaching in Barnes. The Christian Observer (Louisville) said that he produced no permanent good results in Kentucky. But such men do a vast amount of evil. They 'burn over' the field, searing and killing consciences. The difference between genuine gospel preaching and sensationalism is always seen by this infallible test. Under the faithful preaching of the Word consciences become fresh and vital, like grass and flowers under a shower, and that freshness never fades, but the spiritual element in the soul becomes predominant; while



both intellectual faith and moral sensibility suffer the great harm from the trifling of such 'evangelistic' simoons."

A writer in the *Christian Treasury*, a British monthly, makes these remarks on religious talking:

"I have sometimes been afraid that there was coming into our talk a sort of irreverence, a reckless freedom of pious speech which mingled faith and frivolity, alluded to the Lord in much the same tone that might be used in speaking of the Queen or any one in high position, and which by its unintentional and thoughtless lack of veneration lowered the tone of piety. And as the bloom is easily brushed from the cluster, the freshness easily rubbed from the peach, it has sometimes seemed to me that it is not well to talk too much or too fluently of the love which is dearest of all to our inmost souls. No delicate-minded man or woman parades an earthly love in the effluence of speech. Of the closest and most hallowed earthly friendships we do not care to talk to every one. They are sheltered behind our reticence. Just where and how to draw the line between the silence that is cowardly and the speech that is winsome and earnest is the problem that we all have to solve. We must beware of wounding our Master by unwise talking, as well as by too guarded reserve. The religion that effervesces in mere talk is not worth much. To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God are better than many sacrifices, or praises loudly chanted in public places. Living in a Christlike way is better than talking about it."

INSTALLATION AT SHARON, MERCER COUNTY, PA.

The undersigned, together with Rev. F. Pilgram and Elder C. M. Bousch, Esq., went to Sharon to look after the interests of the Reformed Church in that place, and to install Rev. E. E. Grunstein as pastor of the Sharon charge. This was on July 22d, 23d and 24th. We found the people rejoiced to find that Classis had once more come to their assistance—for here, as in many other places where the German element is strong, there are many who cry down synods, classes, or any form of church organization, except it be that known as Independency, Congregationalism in its worst form. It was, therefore, a satisfaction that we could go among this people with help other than words only. Elder Bousch had five hundred dollars for them (a loan from Classis), without interest. And this with what the people had on hand paid their whole church debt. There was rejoicing.

Brother Grunstein takes charge of this interest with hopeful prospects of making a desirable charge out of it. In the near future a new congregation will be added, as already steps have been taken in that direction.

We have only to add that the writer preached the installation sermon (in German), and Rev. Pilgram performed the other services incident to an occasion of this kind. The church was well filled, and much interest taken by all present in the services. D. D. L.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

On July 30, the annual Harvest Home Festival was celebrated in Trinity Reformed Church, Tulpehocken, Pa. The day was beautiful—the church tastefully decorated with different kinds of fruit, grain and flowers. The pastor improved the occasion by preaching a suitable sermon on the word, "Ebenezer," 1 Samuel 7: 12.

The house was well filled with attentive hearers, and it is hoped that a good impression was made on their minds and hearts. The collection for benevolent objects amounted to \$40. Rev. H. Mosser, of Reading, Rev. J. Calvin Leinbach, of Riegelsville, Bucks county, Pa., and the theological student, G. W. Gerhard, were present, and took part in the services.

We humbly trust the large congregation present set up an Ebenezer of thankfulness, in view of the abundant harvest with which the good Lord blessed us this year, all joining the Prophet Samuel, and saying: "Hitherto has the Lord helped us;" and heartily sing the old familiar hymn, "Nun danket alle Gott, mit Herzen, Mund und Handen," &c. This was done with a will.

SYNOD OF POTOMAC.

Work was commenced last Monday to remodel, enlarge, and newly furnish the building of the Reformed church, Newburg charge, of which Rev. Micklely is pastor. The church has more than doubled its membership in the last few years. The improvements now under way, when completed, will, no doubt, add much to the comfort and further prosperity of this congregation.

SYNOD OF PITTSBURG.

The address of Rev. D. G. Klein has been changed from Valley P. O., Clarion county, to Venus, Venango county, Pa., and that of Rev. W. C. Houpt, from Linesville, Venango county, to Venus P. O., Venango county.

General News.

HOME.

The President has vetoed the River and Harbor Bill, but it has been passed over his head by both Houses.

Congress has appropriated \$25,000 to bring home the bodies of De Long and party, who perished in the Arctic seas.

Washington, July 31.—It is estimated that the reduction of the public debt for the month of July is about \$14,000,000.

The drought which has prevailed in Pennsylvania was relieved on Tuesday and Wednesday by welcome rains, which will help the crops of corn and garden vegetables.

More than \$250,000 worth of property were recently destroyed by fires in New Jersey. The women and children had to turn out and fight the flames in order to save their own homes.

William H. Singerly's paper mill in Delaware was partially destroyed by fire on the 4th inst. The mill made the paper on which

the *Record* is printed. Loss, \$50,000, covered by insurance.

The lightning struck into a cottage occupied by some visitors from Reading, at Cape May Point last week. The visitors were greatly stunned and frightened, but escaped permanent injury.

The accounts of Mr. Peter Negley, who has been United States sub-treasurer in Baltimore for twelve years, were examined by experts on the 31st, and found correct to a penny. Over \$4,900,000 were in the vaults at the time. Mr. Negley retires and is succeeded by Mr. F. M. Darby.

Great alarm has been excited in Texas by wild rumors in regard to the spread of yellow fever. The Board of Health at Galveston has quarantined a schooner with two cases on board. At Matamoras, Mexico, the disease has prevailed but is abating. Advice from Havana show that there were 54 deaths during July, but no cases have been found in Texas. A fatal type of measles has caused havoc in the town of Progreso, Yucatan.

South Bend, Ind., August 1.—Two freight trains collided on the Lake Shore Railroad, just west of this city, this morning.

The cars to the number of sixty were piled upon the engines, and taking fire, were burned up. The engineers were buried under the debris, but were rescued just before the flames reached them. There were some tramps on the train, and four of them insist that seven of their comrades are in the burning mass. The loss is estimated at \$150,000.

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 2.—A Walla Walla despatch says:—Mr. Affinzer, wife of a respectable German farmer of Umatilla county, has committed suicide by taking strychnine. The tragedy was the result of malicious conduct on the part of some young men whom she had prevented from associating with her young daughter, and who, in revenge, accused Mrs. Affinzer of perpetrating petty burglaries and larcenies which had occurred in the vicinity. The charge unhinged her reason, and caused her to commit suicide.

Washington, July 31.—Treasury officers are prepared for an avalanche of applications for the 3 per cent. bonds to morrow and the days immediately following. It is known that heavy orders are coming in from the banks. The Secretary of the Treasury, meanwhile, will make no further call for outstanding bonds until the time for the exchange into 3 per cents is closed, as it cannot be determined until then what numbers and denominations of the present issue will be offered. The Treasurer is busy to-day sending out the last certificates of the 3½ per cents.

The *Ledger* of the 7th inst. says:—"Chambersburg, Penna. was visited yesterday by a terrific storm, 'four inches of rain falling in an hour and a half.' The storm was not more than four miles in width. In Chambersburg nearly all the cellars and many first floors of houses and stores were flooded. The Falling Spring overflowed its banks, cutting off the northern portion of the town, and compelling people to quit their houses. It was estimated last night that the damage to property would be about \$5000. About twenty feet of the Cumberland Valley Railroad was washed away about half a mile from Chambersburg, and the break was discovered just in time to prevent two sections of an excursion train, containing over 1100 persons, from plunging into it. There were also several washouts on the Western Maryland Railroad."

FOREIGN.

Egypt.

Paris, July 31.—A dispatch from Ismailia states that the communications between M. de Lesseps and Arabi Pasha were merely to assure the safe emigration of 120 Greek subjects, some invalids, and some Sisters of Charity.

Alexandria, July 31.—A traveller, who has just arrived here from Siout, reports that Arabi Pasha has issued a manifesto declaring that the Khedive, Tewfik, had sold Egypt to England, and had retired to England. Arabi, therefore, ordered the people to obey him until the Prophet has enlightened him to find a worthier Khedive.

The French directors of the Atfeh and Cairo Waterworks are retained at their posts under a guard.

Murders are constantly occurring in the railway trains. The mob search every train for Christians.

London, July 31.—An Alexandria despatch to the *Central News* says:—"Arabi Pasha is still parleying with the Khedive. The latter has intimated that no terms will be acceptable except unconditional surrender."

London, July 31.—A despatch from Alexandria to Reuters' Telegram Company, dated at 1.30 P. M., says:—"The Commander of the German gunboat *Mosow*, at Port Said, has been instructed on no account to land troops, but, if necessary, to take German subjects aboard his vessel."

Berlin, Aug. 1.—The refusal of Italy to co-operate with England in putting down Arabi Pasha may be taken as representing the attitude of Germany and Austria. High authorities at Berlin assert that Russia is about to quit her passive attitude in favor of one directly hostile to British pretensions in Egypt.

London, Aug. 1.—The *Times*, in a leading article, says: "The time has gone by when Turkey could be allowed to take the whole matter into her own hands. If Turkey goes to Egypt, she must not go as the ally but as a subordinate of England."

Manchester, Aug. 1.—The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says he understands that if the Turkish expedition starts without the Sultan previously complying with the conditions demanded by England, Admiral Seymour will be ordered to conduct it back again.

London, Aug. 1.—A despatch to the *Times* from Constantinople says:—"According to intelligence received from diplomatic sources, the action of Russia is due to the personal initiative of the Czar Alexander, who is dissatisfied with the independent attitude of England and with Mr. Gladstone's declarations that England, under certain circumstances, would undertake the task of restoring order in Egypt."

Alexandria, Aug. 1.—10 A. M.—The fears in regard to the failure of the water supply have subsided.

The number of Christians murdered at

Damanhouer, Tantah, and Mihalla is now estimated at 550.

An Alexandria dispatch to the *Times* says:—"The state of the town is causing serious disquietude. The natives who remained are incendiaries, and a majority of those who have returned are looters, looking after their concealed plunder. It is impossible to mistake the bitterly hostile attitude of this class and of the native police."

On the 2d, dispatches reported that a company of the 60th British Rifles were surprised and fled into camp leaving their arms.

London, Aug. 2.—A despatch from Alexandria in the second edition of the *Times*, gives the following account of the scare of the outpost of the 60th Rifles:—"Fifty mounted Arabs attacked the outpost. They approached under cover of the embankment of the canal, and had almost passed an advanced sentry before he observed them. He returned their fire, and ran back unharmed to the picket."

There was some sharp skirmishing, and a number of shots were exchanged. The force of the enemy being uncertain, owing to the darkness, the picket fell back to the pumping station, about 400 yards in the rear, and fired from there and succeeded in driving the enemy off. Four companies of the 38th Regiment were sent to the pumping station, but the enemy had disappeared. They are supposed to have been Bedouins.

Alexandria, Aug. 2.—It is reported that Arabi has ordered the houses of obnoxious natives in Cairo to be burned. Nineteen natives who refused to recognize the authority of Arabi have been shot at Cairo.

London, August 4.—The Berlin correspondent of the *Times* says:—"The news that Germany has declared her willingness to participate if the Powers agree to a collective protection of the Suez Canal causes some astonishment among the public. It is believed, however, that Germany will only send gendarmes."

London, August 4.—The *Times* in a leading article says:—"It is impossible for England to view without apprehension the singular anxiety of the Powers, which decline to lift a finger for the settlement of the main difficulty, to undertake such easy work as the protection of the canal."

Berlin, Aug. 4.—It is stated that Germany regards the occupation of Suez by the British as a purely military step taken to facilitate the landing of Indian troops.

London, Aug. 5.—The *Standard's* correspondent at St. Petersburg says that there is no longer any doubt that a divergence of views exists between England and Russia, which is exercising a very prejudicial influence upon all attempts to harmonize English action in Egypt with the legitimate rights and wishes of the Powers.

Berlin, Aug. 5.—The greater part of the German press, referring to the occupation of Suez by the British, acknowledges that England has acted wisely in occupying positions which now are of great importance to her.

Vienna, Aug. 5.—The news of the occupation of Suez has produced a deep impression. England's ascendancy is now practically acknowledged, and her prestige stands on a far higher level than it has for a long time past. The Austrian Cabinet is using its influence to bring about an understanding between England and Turkey.

There was an engagement on Saturday afternoon between an armored train sent to repair track and the enemy. The loss on both sides was seven.

London, August 6.—The official report of Admiral Seymour concerning the encounter with the enemy of the reconnaissance party at Mahalla junction, on Saturday, is as follows:—"Our force consisted of 200 men of the naval brigade, with one 42 pounder and two 9-pounder guns, under Captain Fisher, a thousand marines under Colonel Tewson, half a battalion of the 38th and 46th Regiments, and all of the 60th Regiment. We had a skirmish with the enemy, which was 2000 strong, with six guns and six rockets, from half-past five until half-past seven o'clock in the evening. The total casualties to the naval brigade and marines are 2 killed and 22 wounded."

Constantinople, August 6.—Said Pasha has informed the Conference that the troops which started for Egypt at the beginning of the week, are recruits, who will remain at Salonica. The real expedition will comprise 5000 men. A council of war, composed of Hassan Pasha, Ministers of Marine, and three Colonies, will go to Suda Bay, which will be used as a military depot. It is stated that Server Pasha will proceed to Alexandria.

The Sultan has not yet come to a decision in regard to proclaiming Arabi Pasha a rebel. It is understood that the Powers continue to recommend him to adhere to England's proposal.

Dublin, August 4.—A strike among the Irish constabulary is threatened, and appears to be serious. Discontent among the men is widespread. Five to ten thousand of them threaten to resign. The men demand increased pay and quicker promotion.

London, August 4.—The solicitors of Thos. Walsh, who was arrested in connection with the discovery of arms at Clerkenwell recently, intend to apply for a postponement of his trial until the October Sessions, owing to a sudden determination of the Crown to call, as a witness, the Mill Street informer Connell, who will prove the existence of a secret organization in Ireland, having for its immediate object the deposition of the Queen.

London, Aug. 2.—Richard Kelly, proprietor of the *Tuam Herald*, has been served with a summons under the Prevention of Crime act, charging him with publishing an article, written by Redpath, encouraging the murder of landlords.

London, Aug. 2.—The steamer *Arab*, with Cetewayo, the captured South African King, on board, which has arrived here, left Cape Town, South Africa, July 13. Cetewayo is attended by Mr. Shepstone and Mr. Fyneue, both of whom have a thorough knowledge of the Zulu language. The ex-King will not be received with any public ceremonies.

The following account of a sad accident, which is said to have occurred recently at Peterhoff, is circulating in St. Petersburg:—"The Emperor was out walking in the Park, and for some reason or other became interested in the operations of several workmen, or gardeners, who were at work some distance off. His Majesty appears to have beckoned to

one of the workmen to come to him, intending to speak to the man, and perhaps ask some questions. The workman noticed the sign, threw down his tools, and ran towards the Emperor. When only a step or two from the Majesty's person he fell dead at the Czar's feet, shot by a sentinel close at hand who had not seen the Emperor call the man, and who had imperative orders to fire on any strangers approaching the Emperor. His Majesty, it is said, helped to lift up the body, and showed the bitterest grief. The wife and family of the unfortunate man are to be thoroughly cared for."

Latest dates from Lima state that bands of Montaneros are committing horrible atrocities in the neighborhood of Lima. The victims are principally Peruvians, and consequently the Chilianos make but little effort to suppress the robbers.

NOTICE.

TO ELDERS AND DEACONS IN CUMBERLAND VALLEY.

By action of Mercersburg Classis, the elders and deacons in the Third District are requested to meet at Mount Alto Park, August 31, at the time of the Reformed Sunday-school Pic-nic, to "deliberate upon the welfare of our Beloved Zion, and by mutual intercourse, inquiry and interchange of views, prepare themselves for greater efficiency in the trust committed to them by the Lord Jesus Christ."

The discussion of Sunday-school and Missionary topics, and a "business meeting in connection with pastors and three designated delegates from each Sunday-school, to arrange for future Sunday-school work," will be combined with the aforesaid meeting of elders and deacons.

Church officers and congregations in the Cumberland Valley, will please give attention to the foregoing request of Classis.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

THE PUBLICATION AND DISTRIBUTION OF THE PREMIUM TRACT ON "THE REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES."

The above Tract is now being rapidly put in type, and in the course of a few days will be ready for distribution. It is certainly a tract that will be judged by all as treating the subject briefly, honestly, and practically. We wish it to have a wide circulation throughout the length and breadth of our Church, and be scattered among those outside of us, who know us not as a Church, and should be acquainted with our history, genius and work. We trust Pastors will supply themselves with it, and distribute it wherever they go out and in among their people. We hope laymen also will take an interest in the matter and send for copies of it, which they may hand out to their friends and neighbors.

It will be composed of four pages and printed on good paper and in clear type. We will furnish it at the following cash rates, postpaid:—

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12 " .....	10

Orders, accompanied with cash, may be now sent in. They will be filed and filled in their turn.

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July 26, 1882.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Wishing to bring our business as far as possible to a cash basis, after August 1st next, we shall allow an extra discount of 5 per cent. on all bills as rendered in our Book Department, if paid at the time of purchase or within 30 days from date of same.

In the Periodical Department our terms are cash in advance as before, but with no discount. We trust our subscribers will bear this in mind.

Closing our fiscal year July 31, we hope all receiving statements, now being sent out, of their accounts in either or both departments, will settle them by that date.

This will enable us to render a good account of our doings to the Synods this Fall, as well as—with cash in hand—to enlarge our operations and diminish our obligations.

We need and deserve, and have a right to expect, the patronage of the Church, and its hearty and substantial co-operation in all efforts to bring success to its publication interests.

CHARLES G. FISHER,  
Superintendent and Treasurer,  
Ref. Church Pub. Board.  
July 5, 1882.

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CHAS. G. FISHER,  
Supt. and Treas. R. C. P. Bd.

Business Department.

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Please examine your labels and if it is time to renew your subscription for another year, or you are back more than one year, remit us the amount by check, Postal Order or Registered Letter, at as early a date as possible.

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We respectfully solicit the patronage of the Church. Address  
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## Youth's Department.

## THE WATER-BLOOM.

A child looked up in the summer sky,  
Where a soft, bright shower had just passed  
by;  
Eastward the dusk rain-curtain hung,  
And swiftly across it the rainbow sprung.

"Papa! papa! what is it?" she cried,  
As she gazed with her blue eyes opened wide  
At the wonderful arch that bridged the  
heaven,  
Vividly glowing with colors seven.

"Why, this is the rainbow, darling child,"  
And the father down on his baby smiled.  
"What makes it, papa?" "The sun, my  
dear,  
That shines on the water-drops so clear."

Here was a beautiful mystery!  
No more questions to ask had she,  
But she thought the garden's loveliest  
flowers  
Had floated upward and caught in the  
showers—

Rose, violet, orange, marigold—  
In a ribbon of light on the clouds unrolled!  
Red of poppy and green leaves too,  
Sunflower yellow and larkspur blue.

A great, wide, wondrous, splendid wreath  
It seemed to the little girl beneath;  
How did it grow so fast up there,  
And suddenly blossom high in the air?

She could not take her eyes from the sight:  
"Oh, look!" she cried in her deep delight,  
As she watched the glory spanning the gloom,  
"Oh, look at the beautiful water-bloom!"  
—*Celia Thaxter, in July Wide Awake.*

## CASTLE GARDEN.

At the southern point of the island upon  
which New York is built, a circular struc-  
ture sufficiently isolated to attract attention  
has stood for many years.

A fort once, pointing black-nosed cannon  
down the bay; then a peaceful and delight-  
fully situated tea-garden, and then a con-  
cert hall in which Jenny Lind thrilled audi-  
ences with the sweetness of her song, it has  
since accommodated itself to another and a  
very different use. The lower sandstone  
walls of the military establishment still re-  
main, but above them and over them a roof  
and wooden walls have been put, and abut-  
ting on them are several large sheds.

Castle Garden is now, and has been  
since 1855, a depot for the reception and  
protection of the emigrants arriving in  
New York, and in it the poor strangers  
landing from foreign countries are taken  
care of and helped on their way to their  
destinations. Any morning in the spring  
and summer there is a scene here full of  
suggestiveness. We see the raw material  
of which our new population is being  
formed pouring in. Here, huddling to-  
gether like sheep, bewildered by the  
strangeness of their surroundings, are the  
poor of many lands. They look sad en-  
ough to move one's pity, and poor enough  
to invite one's patronage. In other cities,  
—in Boston, Philadelphia, or Baltimore,—  
no special effort is made to care for them;  
but in New York, where more of them land  
than at all other ports, this place is pro-  
vided for their reception. There, since  
February last, they have been landing in  
unprecedented numbers, and there any day  
one may see a picture which cannot be  
looked upon without the deepest interest  
and most serious thought.

The emigrants are landed from the ocean  
steamers by a tender, and as they come  
crowding down the gang-plank, each arm  
engaged with bundles, and boxes and  
packages balanced on their heads, or  
thrown over their shoulders, their faces wear  
an inquisitive, half-astonished, half-dis-  
mayed look. Then passing off the tender,  
they are filed into the great rotunda, where  
hundreds, and sometimes thousands, of  
other emigrants are already gathered,  
brought together from every part of Eu-  
rope, speaking half-a-dozen different ton-  
gues, and exhibiting ever-shifting effects of  
costume. The faces of the crowd represent  
nearly every type—light-eyed bonnetless  
Irish girls, yellow-haired Germans, tawny  
Italians, thin-featured French, and often  
of late, there has been among the others  
the heavily-dressed and heavily-featured  
figures of the Russian Jews. The buzz of  
the voices and the crowding are confusing  
at first, but the emigrant finds himself  
rapidly put through a series of preparatory  
processes, and at the end of an hour, he  
can, if he chooses, walk out and look about  
for himself in the grinding city. He is  
inspected by medical officers and custom  
officers; his name, age, country, calling and  
distinction are registered at a desk where  
there are clerks and interpreters.

These are the only things which are  
compulsory, and when they are done he  
can do exactly what he pleases. It will  
be well for him, however, if he does not  
venture too far into the city, lest he fall

into the hands of thieves or cheats. The  
main purpose of Castle Garden is to pro-  
tect him from these.

The scene immediately after the arrival  
of a steamer is as busy and noisy as a fair.  
Within the great circus-like building there  
is a ticket-office, a money-exchange, a tele-  
graph-office and a restaurant, at each of  
which one may see many curious and  
touching little incidents. Here at the  
money-changer's desk is a bulletin giving  
the American value of various foreign  
coins, and after each transaction the bro-  
ker hands his customer a memoranda of it.  
Most of the emigrants are wary with their  
money, and carry it, not in their pockets,  
but concealed somewhere about their per-  
sons. Often it would take an adroit thief  
and an intricate exploration to find it. It  
is wrapped in envelope within envelope,  
strung and knotted with the most precious  
care.

"Which people bring the most money?"  
"The Germans and Scandinavians are  
the best provided," answers the clerk at  
the exchange-desk. "Next to them are  
the Irish, and the poorest of all are the  
Italians, who often have no money and  
little baggage."

The Italians have been coming in large  
numbers this year; and on the last morn-  
ing we were in the Garden a ship-load of  
them had just arrived. The dark-eyed,  
brown-skinned women were hurrying to  
and fro with boxes and bundles balanced  
on their heads, from which the white capes  
of their head-dresses fell over their jet-  
black-hair on to their shoulders. Their  
vari-colored petticoats and brilliant sashes  
of scarlet and blue enliven the picture.  
While they were toiling with their boxes  
and bundles, the men were taking it very  
easily, and some of them had climbed into  
the embrasures through which the cannon  
once peeped, and sat there shivering at the  
feebleness of the April sunshine.

The names of the emigrants who have  
friends or letters or telegrams waiting for  
them are called out, and there are many  
affecting reunions. The husband who has  
been parted from his wife, and the son who  
has sent to his old home for his mother or  
sister, are here to receive them. Often  
when the first embrace is over, the new-  
comer stands back and surveys the Ameri-  
canized relative from head to foot with  
great admiration. The head that left  
Queenstown bonnetless has now a gorgeous  
pile of millinery upon it. The feet that  
wore clogs are displayed in fancy leather,  
with tassels.

"Och, but it's your own mother, sure,  
that would be after not knowin' ye, me  
dawrt!" exclaims an old woman, as she  
looks at Bridget, who has all the colors of  
the rainbow in her dress.

But sometimes the friends who are ex-  
pected do not appear. As the name of the  
persons for whom there are letters or tele-  
grams, or for whom some one is waiting,  
are called, you see an emigrant here and  
there,—a girl or woman, most likely,—who  
listens with strained attention, and who  
falls back with a woe-begone face when  
she finds that there is nothing for her. As  
often as the clerk's voice is heard she darts  
forward, hoping that now her name is to be  
called. Sometimes the looked-for friend at  
last appears. Sometimes death or some  
mischance has removed the one who was to  
be of help to her, and she finds herself cast  
upon her own resources.

Before evening most of the emigrants  
arriving each day have left the Garden,  
either to stay in New York, or to take the  
train to other points. A few remain and  
make themselves as comfortable as possi-  
ble on the floor and benches. The people  
of the different countries keep to them-  
selves, and you see the Italians huddled  
up here, the Germans there, and the  
Swedes across the way. There are some  
picturesque groups among them. A Nor-  
mandy peasant woman in sabots and cap,  
seated on the floor, surrounded by six  
chubby little girls, each a miniature of her-  
self; a knot of yellow-haired, pink-faced  
Germans eating liver-wort and blackish  
bread, and a circle of Italians, who are  
making a frugal supper, and each of whom,  
we notice, is provided with a wicked-look-  
ing knife like that given to the inter-  
preter.

At night the Garden is very gloomy, and  
looking over the floor upon the dark figures  
stretched out in slumber, a dream comes to  
us of the brilliant lights and the fashionable  
audiences of the time when Jenny Lind  
sang here.

Fortunate are the emigrants who have  
friends to meet them and take them to the  
homes they have made for themselves in the  
new country. It is but a few years ago  
that the latter landed at Castle Garden,  
and their improved appearance, their  
sharpened wits and smart dress presage the

future of the new-comers themselves, if  
they are thrifty and industrious.—*Youth's  
Companion.*

## THE WORSHIPED ELEPHANT.

Some months ago the king of Siam  
received word from one of his provincial  
governors that a new deity, in the shape of  
a snow-white elephant, had been captured  
in an outlying district of the kingdom, and  
was then on its way to Bangkok. This  
glorious intelligence was received with  
tumultuous enthusiasm at court, and his  
majesty at once set out with his ministers,  
grand officers of state, and several of the  
reverend clergy, to welcome the approach-  
ing divinity. Not far from the capital the  
two cavalades met. The king approached  
the elephant with profound salutation,  
kneeled and placed the creature's trunk  
upon his head and then upon his shoulders.  
In token of his homage and as a supplica-  
tion for a blessing. After these touching cere-  
monies had been concluded, a procession  
was formed, with the king on the deity's  
right flank, carrying a drawn sword, and  
a priest on the left bearing a golden wand.  
Thus the portage entered the city, amid  
salvos of artillery and a general salute  
from the royal troops, who were drawn up  
on either side of the route leading to the  
palace. Having escorted the elephant to  
its apartments, the king formally bestowed  
upon his sacred guest the rank of "reign-  
ing monarch," and decorated it with the  
grand cordon of the Siamese order bearing  
its own style and title. The household of  
the new deity has since been organized  
upon a truly royal scale. Every article  
dedicated to the white elephant's use and  
service is of massive gold or rare porcelain,  
and popular offerings to the value of many  
thousands of pounds were deposited at its  
shrine before it had been established forty-  
eight hours in its splendid quarters im-  
mediately adjacent to the king's own private  
suite of apartments.—*Exchange.*

## A SHOCKING EEL.

"Captain John," said I, "didn't you  
tell me that you sometimes brought wild  
animals in your ship from South America?"  
"Oh, yes," said he, "I brought one of  
the first electric eels that was ever carried  
to New York. I got it in Para, Brazil,  
and I bought it of some Indians for twelve  
milleis—about six dollars of our money.  
We had lots of trouble with this fellow, for  
these eels live in fresh water, and, if we  
had not had plenty of rain on the voyage,  
we could not have kept him alive, for the  
water he was in had to be changed every  
day. We kept him on deck in a water-  
barrel, which lay on its side in its chocks,  
with a square hole cut through the staves  
on the upper side to give the creature light  
and air. When we changed the water, a  
couple of sailors took hold of the barrel  
and turned it partly over, while another  
held a straw broom against the hole to  
keep the eel from coming out. We would  
always know when the water had nearly  
run out, for the eel lay against the lower  
staves, and even the wood of the barrel  
would be so charged with electricity that  
sailors could hardly hold on to the ends of  
the barrel. They'd let go with one hand  
and take hold with the other, and then  
they'd let go with that and change again.  
At first, I didn't believe that the fellows  
felt the eel's shocks in this way; but, when  
I took hold myself one day, I found they  
weren't shamming at all. Then we turned  
the barrel back and filled it up with fresh  
water, and started the eel off for another  
day.

"He got along first-rate, and kept well  
and hearty through the whole of the voy-  
age. When we reached New York we an-  
chored at Quarantine, and the health officer  
came aboard. I knew him very well, and  
I said to him: 'Doctor, I've got something  
aboard that perhaps you never saw before.'  
'What's that?' said he. 'An electric eel,'  
said I. 'Good!' said he; 'that is some-  
thing I've always wanted to see. I want  
to know just what kind of a shock they can  
give.' 'All right,' said I; 'you can easily  
find out for yourself. He is in this water-bar-  
rel here, and the water has just been put  
in fresh, so you can see him. All you  
have got to do is just to wait till he swims  
up near the surface, and then you can  
scoop him out with your hand. You need-  
n't be afraid of his biting you.' The doc-  
tor said he wasn't afraid of that. He rolled  
up his sleeve, and, as soon as he got the  
chance, he took the eel by the middle and  
lifted it out of the water. It wasn't a very  
large one, only about eighteen inches long,  
but pretty stout. The moment he lifted it  
he dropped it, grabbed his right shoulder  
with his left hand, and looked aloft.  
'What is the matter?' said I. 'Why, I

thought something fell on me from the rig-  
ging,' said he. 'I was sure my arm was  
broken. I never had such a blow in my  
life.' 'It was only the eel,' said I. 'Now  
you know what kind of a shock he can  
give.'—*St. Nicholas for August.*

## HOW JAMIE WORKED.

"I'm going to have the nicest kind of a  
garden," said Jamie one morning. "I'm  
going to make it in that pretty little spot  
just over the bank. Papa said I might  
have that for my own. I mean to have  
some flowers in pots and some in beds,  
just like the gardener, and then you can  
have fresh ones every day, mamma. I'm  
going right over there now."

Jamie started off bravely with his spade  
on his shoulder. But when, after an hour,  
mamma went to see how he was getting  
on, she found him lying on the grass with  
the ground untouched:

"Why, Jamie, where is your garden?"  
"I was just lying here and thinking  
how nice it will look when it is all done,"  
said Jamie.

Mamma shook her head: "But that will  
not dig the ground nor make the flowers  
grow, little boy. No good deed in all the  
world was ever done by only lying still  
and thinking about it."—*The Sunbeam.*

## THE SHEEP AT GRANDPA'S FARM.

Of all the lovely things we do, my sister Maud  
and I,  
In summer days, at grandpa's farm, where hills  
are green and high,  
There's nothing that we like so well as being  
sent to keep,  
All through the shady afternoon, a flock of  
milk-white sheep.  
You see, each lamkin knows its name; and  
when we call aloud,  
From every corner of the field the fleecy dar-  
lings crowd.

At twilight when the sun goes down, to let  
the stars outshine,  
We bend for them some willow boughs, or  
dainty budding vine.  
And grandpa bids us give them salt; they  
think it quite a treat,  
Just as we think of sugar-plums, or bonbons  
nice and sweet.  
But when the frisky little ones eat quick and  
run away,  
"Excuse them, please, they're very young,"  
their mothers seem to say.  
I wonder people think them dumb. I'm sure  
the wise old ewes  
Could tell some things to giddy girls who have  
no wit to lose.  
How patiently they pace along, and let the  
lamkins play,  
And chase their shadows on the grass, and  
skip about all day.  
One never sees them looking cross; and that's  
what grandpa meant—  
That "silly" once, in older days, was pure  
and innocent.

And in the Good Book Maud and I together  
love to read  
Of pastures green and waters still, where  
happy flocks may feed.  
We know the Shepherd loves the lambs, and  
oft we pray to Him  
At eve low kneeling by our beds, when all the  
earth is dim;  
And when we wake and laugh and play, and  
when we go to sleep,  
We trust that He will keep us safe, as we have  
kept the sheep.  
—*Harper's Young People.*

## THE BOY WHO DID HIS BEST.

He is doing his best, that boy of sixteen,  
stretched out before a bright fire in an old  
tanning-shed. Reclining upon an old  
sheep-skin, with book in hand, he is ac-  
quiring knowledge as truly as any student  
at his desk in some favored institution,  
with all the conveniences and facility for  
learning.

He is doing his best, too,—this same boy,  
Claude, as he helps his master prepare the  
sheep and lambs' skins for dyeing, so that  
they can be made into leather. He is do-  
ing his best by obedience and by respectful  
conduct to his master, in endeavors to do  
his work well, although he often makes  
mistakes, as his work is not so well suited  
to his tastes as the study of Greek and  
Latin.

"See there, young rascal!" calls  
out Gaspard Beaurais, the tanner. "See  
how you're mixing up the wools!" For  
Claude's wits were "wool-gathering," sure  
enough; but he was not sorting the wool  
aright.

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the apprentice;  
"but I will fix them all right." And he  
quickly sets to work to repair his mistake.  
"He'll never make a tanner," said Gas-  
pard to his wife, "and much I fear he'll  
never be able to earn his bread."

"Sure enough," replied his wife. "And  
yet he's good and obedient, and never gives  
back a word to all your scolding."

And in after years, when the aged couple  
received handsome presents from the dis-  
tinguished man who had been their ap-  
prentice, they thought of these words.

One evening there came a stormy, bois-  
terous wind, and the little stream in which  
the tanner was wont to wash the wool upon  
the skins was swollen to a torrent. To at-  
tempt to cross it by the ford at such a time  
would render one liable to be carried down  
the stream and be dashed to pieces on the  
rocks.

"We must get all the skins under cover,"  
said Gaspard to his apprentice. "A storm  
is at hand."

The task was finished, and the tanner  
was about to return to his cot and Claude  
to his shed, when the boy exclaimed:

"Surely, I heard a cry. Some one is  
trying to cross the ford!" And in an in-  
stant he darted toward the river, followed  
by his master carrying the lantern. Some  
villagers were already there; and a strong  
rope was tied around the waist of the brave  
boy, who was about to plunge into the  
stream. For a man on horseback was  
seen coming down the river, both rider and  
horse much exhausted. Claude succeeded  
in grasping the rein; and the strong hands  
of his master that held the rope drew him  
to the shore, and all were saved.

Soon after, the stranger sat by the tan-  
ner's fire, having quite won the hearts of  
the good man and his wife by his kind and  
courteous manners.

"What can I do for your brave son?"  
he asked.

"He's none of ours, and not much credit  
will he be to any one, we fear. He wastes  
too much time over useless books," was the  
bluff reply of the honest tanner, who could  
not see what possible use Claude's studies  
would be to him.

"May I see the books?" asked the  
stranger.

Claude, being called, brought the books  
of Greek and Latin classics, and stood with  
downcast face, expecting to be rebuked.  
But, instead, he received words of com-  
mendation from the gentleman, who, after  
some talk and questions, was astonished at  
the knowledge the boy had acquired.

A few months later, instead of the old  
tanning-shed for a study, Claude might be  
seen with his books in a handsome mansion  
in Paris, the house of M. de Vallais, whose  
life he had saved, and who had become  
his friend and benefactor. The boy felt  
that he had only done his duty, and that  
he was receiving much in return; and he  
determined to make every effort to meet  
the expectations of his patron.

He succeeded. Claude Capperonier, the  
boy who did his best, became the most dis-  
tinguished Greek and Latin scholar of his  
time. At the age of twenty-five, he filled  
the chair of Greek professor in the Royal  
College of Paris. More than this, he be-  
came a man who feared God, and was  
much loved for his goodness and amiable  
qualities.

He never forgot his former master and  
wife. Their old age was cheered by many  
tokens of remembrance in the form of sub-  
stantial gifts from the man who, when a  
boy, studied so diligently by the fire of  
their old shed, but who "would never  
make a tanner."—*Well-Spring.*

## Pleasanties.

"G. W." DEAD? Death of George  
Washington.—"When did George Wash-  
ington die?" asked an Austin teacher of  
a large boy. "Is he dead?" was the as-  
tonished reply. "Why, it is not more  
than six months ago that they were cele-  
brating his birthday, and now he is dead.  
It's a bad year on children. I reckon his  
folks let him eat something that didn't  
agree with him."

A GREAT MORAL LESSON.—At a meet-  
ing of some colored Methodists in Kentucky  
it was decided to make a collection. The  
president passed the hat himself and, in  
order to encourage the others, he put in a  
10-cent piece. After the collection, during  
which every hand had been in the hat, the  
president approached the table, turned the  
hat upside down, and not even his own  
contribution dropped out. He opened his  
eyes with astonishment and exclaimed:  
"Fo' goodness, but I'ze eben lost de 10  
cents I started wid!" Then there was con-  
sternation on the faces of the assembly.  
Who was the lucky man? That was the  
question. He could not blush, or turn pale,  
for all were as black as night. It was  
evidently a hopeless case, and was summed  
up by one brother, who rose in his place  
and said solemnly: "Dar 'pears to be a  
great moral lesson roun' heah somewhar."



## Religious Intelligents.

## At Home.

Last year's Advent camp-meeting at Allen's Grove, on the west bank of the Connecticut river, near Terry Island, is being repeated the present week, the services to last ten days. This is the branch of the Adventists who once attracted attention while waiting on Terry Island for the end of the world. A larger gathering is expected than last year's, coming from all over the Union.

The Sixteenth Annual Sunday-school Convention of the M. E. Church South, was held last week at Harrisonburg, Va. The preachers and leading Sunday-school workers of the church were largely represented, and for several days all that is vital in Sunday-school work and methods became the subjects of essays and general discussion by able and zealous men. The gathering was of much interest and more than a success.

The camp-meeting season is over. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company have purchased eight acres of ground near Harmon's Station, seventeen miles from Baltimore, for the exclusive use of colored people to hold meetings. A large pavilion has been erected thirty-five feet by eighty-five; also a dining-hall and sleeping apartments, so that tents will not be needed. The meeting commenced last week at this place, which is called after Bishop Wayman. The bishop preached the dedication sermon under the auspices of the African M. E. Church last Sunday.

The Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the North-west will send out seven young ladies as foreign missionaries this summer. Miss Wishard and Miss Wirt, of Chicago, and Miss Warner, of Kansas, will go to the Laos, in Northern Siam; Miss Hesser and Miss Garven, graduates from Miss Peabody's school at Oxford, O., will go to Japan; Miss Farnum, who was also educated at Oxford, but whose father is a missionary in China, will return to that country to represent the Board, and Miss Harding, a colored lady from Ann Arbor, will go to Africa.

Bishop Johns of the Protestant Episcopal church tells the story that whereas there were 91 clergymen in Virginia at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, at the General Convention of 1811, the entry about Virginia which sent no representative and made no report, was made, "they fear that the Church in Virginia was so depressed that there is danger of her total ruin." In 1813, at the Convention which elected Bishop Moore, only seven clergymen were present. When Bishop Johns asked Chief Justice Marshall for a contribution to the Alexandria Seminary, he accompanied the gift with the remark, "that it seemed almost cruel to tempt young men to enter the ministry of a Church which was too far gone ever to be recovered."

A correspondent of the *Examiner* says: "For several years past the Washington Grove Association (Methodist) has held an annual camp-meeting in August about eight miles out of town on the Metropolitan Railroad. By agreement the Railroad Company pays to the Association a portion of the fare of each passenger to the Grove. This includes Sunday. The receipt of the proportion for that day was condemned in general terms, it is true, by the Maryland Conference and also by the General Conference; but the Association has persisted in its course, and has indicated its intention to take the money again in August. Fourteen of the Methodist pastors of New York city have joined in an open letter to the Methodists of the Washington district, denouncing what they regard as a violation of the Sabbath."

## Abroad.

The United Presbyterian church has four stations, and fifty-four out-stations in Egypt, also four stations and fifteen out-stations in India. In the two fields they have thirteen ordained missionaries, twenty-seven lady missionaries, eight native missionaries, five licentiates, 184 teachers and helpers, 1,565 communicants. The churches number sixteen, and the natives contributed last year the sum of \$23,272. The society's total receipts last year were \$562,435.

A widow of a Methodist minister recently died in Helmsley, England, and it was desired to bury her beside her husband. This the vicar would not permit, because this was consecrated ground. There was an unconsecrated part of the cemetery, however, which could be used; but he would not suffer the procession to go in at the ordinary entrance, because the passing of Non-conformists over consecrated ground would hurt the feelings of Churchmen. The name of the vicar is C. N. Gray.

The Committee of Revision of the German Bible has held its last meeting, and the result of its labors is expected to appear shortly. No alteration of Luther's translation has been admitted, unless sanctioned by two-thirds of the committee. The text, as revised, is to be published for submission to the theological faculties of the universities, scholars and the general public. These criticisms will be received and considered, and then the new version will be completed, published and recommended for adoption.

The *Northern Christian Advocate* contains an interesting note from Bishop Harris. He was, at the time of writing, holding the annual meeting with the mission

in Denmark. The second day of the Conference, June 17, was the anniversary of John Wesley's birthday. The Bishop was to visit the work in Norway and Sweden, and to return home the latter part of August. He speaks of the Italian mission as "simply marvellous." It has a Conference of twenty native ministers of ability, learning and devotion, equal to any in the communion. He dedicated a fine church edifice in the beautiful city of Florence. In Germany the work progresses in spite of opposition and persecution.

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## FOR AUGUST.

Seven of the Eight Bargain Sections opened July 8 will be continued through August. Section Six has thin Clothing for men. Two new lines of Mohair Coats at \$1.25, reduced from \$2.50, go into this section to-day, mostly medium and small sizes. Also just placed in this section a splendid lot of Black Mohair Coats at \$2.50, all sizes. They are lustrous, solid and cheap.

For early fall clothing consult the following sections: Large Boys' Suits, No. 1. Small Boys' Suits, No. 2. Young Men's Suits, No. 3. Men's Suits, No. 4 and No. 7. Men's Odd Pantalons and Vests, No. 5. The sales from these sections have been large, but enough is left to pay you for coming.

## WANAMAKER &amp; BROWN.

OAK HALL, SIXTH AND MARKET.

## DURING AUGUST

## ONLY!

## Enormous Saving to Schools.

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at less than 5c. each until October 1st. First fifty-two reprints of the best books written. Selections from over 1,000 volumes—original prices varying from 60c. to \$1.15; the whole fifty-two books originally costing \$4.45, averaging \$1.10 each. Volumes from No. 32 to No. 101, written expressly for us, by the best Sunday-school writers. Above 104 partly new and partly reprints. In printing so cheaply we do not sacrifice durability or quality. In point of fact, our cheap books will outlast the expensive ones. Being wire-stitched, the leaves can not come apart, nor can the limp covers preserve the books better than the heavy board covers of the ordinary books. Being flexible they can be bent back, folded over, or even rolled without injury, making them almost indestructible. Every book thoroughly sound and evangelical, but nothing sectarian or partisan. Each book numbered and containing descriptive catalogue of the whole.

## CATALOGUE.

1 Jesus's First Prayer. 2 The King's Servants. 3 Paul's First Journey. 4 The Good Samaritan. 5 The Parable of the Lost Sheep. 6 The Parable of the Lost Coin. 7 The Parable of the Lost Son. 8 The Parable of the Lost Slave. 9 The Parable of the Lost Camel. 10 The Parable of the Lost Ox. 11 The Parable of the Lost Horse. 12 The Parable of the Lost Donkey. 13 The Parable of the Lost Mule. 14 The Parable of the Lost Camel. 15 The Parable of the Lost Ox. 16 The Parable of the Lost Horse. 17 The Parable of the Lost Donkey. 18 The Parable of the Lost Mule. 19 The Parable of the Lost Camel. 20 The Parable of the Lost Ox. 21 The Parable of the Lost Horse. 22 The Parable of the Lost Donkey. 23 The Parable of the Lost Mule. 24 The Parable of the Lost Camel. 25 The Parable of the Lost Ox. 26 The Parable of the Lost Horse. 27 The Parable of the Lost Donkey. 28 The Parable of the Lost Mule. 29 The Parable of the Lost Camel. 30 The Parable of the Lost Ox. 31 The Parable of the Lost Horse. 32 The 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PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, August 7.

**FLOUR.**—We quote the whole range of prices as follows: Super at \$2.75 @ 3; winter extras at 3.40 @ 4. Pennsylvania family at \$5.15 @ 5.50; Ohio and Indiana do. at \$5.75 @ 6.37, some fancy brands higher; St. Louis and Southern Illinois do. at \$5 @ 5.50; winter patents at \$7 @ 8, chiefly at \$7.75; Minnesota bakers' extras at \$6 @ 6.75 for clear and \$6.50 @ 7.50 for straight, and do. patents at \$7.25 @ 8.75, as to quality. Rye Flour was dull at \$3.75 @ 4 for Western and Pennsylvania, the latter for fresh ground old crop.

**WHEAT.**—Sales of 1000 bushels ungraded red in grain depot at \$1.13 @ 1.14; 1200 bushels steamer red in elevator at \$1.10; 3200 bushels long berry Southern on track at \$1.16; 2500 bushels Jersey red do. at \$1.16; 3000 bushels Delaware No. 2 red track at \$1.14; 1000 bushels No. 2 red in elevator at \$1.15; 3200 bushels do. do. at \$1.14; \$1.14 bid and \$1.14 asked for August, with sales later of 5000 bushels at \$1.14, closing at \$1.14 asked; \$1.13 bid and \$1.14 asked early for September, with sales later of 5000 bushels at \$1.14 and 10,000 bushels do. at \$1.14 @ 1.14, closing at these rates on call.

**CORN.**—Sales of 600 bushels rejected in grain depot at \$0.73; 600 bushels do. on track at Richmond at \$0.60; 600 bushels No. 3 short storage in Twentieth street elevator at \$0.73; 3000 bushels do. regular in grain depot at \$0.83; 600 bushels do. do. at \$0.83; 1800 bushels steamer mixed in grain depot at \$0.93; 600 bushels do. yellow on track at Richmond at \$0.90; 1200 bushels sail mixed in grain depot at \$0.92 @ 0.90; 5000 bushels sail mixed August at \$0.92, the closing rate.

**OATS.**—Sales of 1 car No. 3 new white at \$1.00; 1 car ungraded do. do. choice on track at \$0.95; 500 bushels Jersey new on dock at \$0.90; 1 car rejected old white at \$0.60; 1 car No. 2 old mixed at \$0.70; 2 cars No. 3 old white at \$0.65 @ 0.60; 1 car extra do. do. at \$0.70; 1 car No. 2 old white at \$0.70; 1 car do. do. at \$1.00; 5000 bushels No. 2 white August at \$0.92, closing with that asked.

Rye sold in small lots at 73c. for choice new.

**SUGARS.**—Sales of 1500 hog-heads Cuba on a basis of 71 @ 72c. for fair to good refining muscovados. Refined were dull and easier, closing at 92c. for out loaf, crushed and powder d.; 91c. for granulated; 92c. for mould A; 90c. for standard A, and 91c. for confectioners' standard.

**PROVISIONS.**—We quote Mess Pork at \$22.50 @ 23; shoulders in salt at \$2 @ 10c; do. smoked, 102 @ 11c; pickled shoulders, 102 @ 10c; smoked, 102 @ 12c; pickled bellies, 102 @ 14c; loose butchers' Lard, 12c; prime steam do. \$12 7/8 @ 13; city kettle do. 13c @ 13 1/2; Beef Hams, \$22 @ 23 for new; smoked Beef 102 @ 15c; sweet-pickled Hams, 13 @ 13 1/2; smoked do. 102 @ 16c; extra India Mess Beef, \$31 @ 32; f. o. b.; city family do. \$20, and packet do. \$16.50 in barrels. City Tallow, quiet at \$4 1/2 for prime in hog-heads.

**POULTRY.**—Quotations were 12 @ 13c. for fair to choice old mixed lots; 15c. for old hens and 18c. to 21c. as to size and quality for springs.

**BUTTER.**—We quote Pennsylvania and Western creamery extras at 25 @ 26c; good to prime, 22 @ 24c; do. imitation, 18 @ 22c; Bradford fresh, tubs, nominally 24 @ 25c; do. firsts, 22 @ 23c; York State tubs fresh extras 23 @ 24c; do. firsts, 21 @ 22c; Western extras fresh, 21 @ 22c; do. good to prime, 16 @ 19c; factory, 15 @ 18c; common shipping grades, 13 @ 14c; medium, do., 13 @ 15c; grease, 4 @ 5c; prints, choice to fancy, 32 @ 33c; do. firsts, 27 @ 30c; do. seconds, 20 @ 25c.

**EGGS.**—We quote fresh Western at 20 @ 21c, and Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware extras at 22c, with exceptional sales of ordinary marks at 21c.

**CHEESE.**—We quote New York factory choice full cream at 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4; do. fair to good, 10 1/2 @ 11c; Ohio flat, fine, 9 1/2 @ 10c; do. fair to good 9 @ 9 1/2; Pennsylvania part skims, 6 1/2 @ 7c, and do. full skims, 2 @ 6c, as to condition.

**PETROLEUM.**—The market was quiet but firm at 6 1/2c bid and 6 3/4c asked for refined in barrels, and 9 1/2c nominally for do. in casks.

**HAY AND STRAW.**—Sales of prime Western Timothy in small bales at \$18.50 @ 19. We quote prime Pennsylvania and York State Hay at \$19; fair to good do., \$16, and inferior and damaged at \$10 @ 13. Rye Straw dull at \$12 @ 13.

**FEED.**—Supplies were moderate and the market ruled a shade firmer under a better inquiry, with sales of 1 car choice spring Bran at \$17.50; 4 cars good and prime winter do. at \$18 @ 18.25; 3 cars choice do. do. at \$18.50, and 1 car good white middlings at \$27, all on track.

Live Stock Prices.

The receipts for the week were: Beoves, 3,700; Sheep, 14,000; Hogs, 5,100; previous week: Beoves, 3,200; Sheep, 10,000; Hogs, 3,300.

**BEEF CATTLE.**—The heavy receipts and limited demand for stock had the effect of breaking prices 1/2c. per lb. on all grades. Quotations: Extra, 7 1/2 @ 8c; good, 6 1/2 @ 7c; medium, 5 1/2 @ 6c; common, 4 @ 5c; fat cows, 3 1/2 @ 4c.

**MILCH COWS** were inactive at \$30 @ 60, with sales of extra graded as high as \$50.

**SHEEP.**—With increased arrivals for the week prices declined 1/2c. on all grades, except culls, which were fully 1/2c. lower, but as the quality of the stock was better quotations were unchanged. Lambs and calves were dull. Quotations—Extra, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; good, 4 1/2 @ 5c; medium, 4 1/4 @ 4 1/2c; common, 3 1/2 @ 4c; culls, 3 @ 3 1/2c; lambs, 4 @ 7 1/2c; calves, 6 @ 7 1/2c.

**HOGS** were active and firm. Quotations—Extra, 12 1/2; good, 12 @ 12 1/2c; medium, 11 1/2 @ 11 1/2c.

**DRESSED MEATS.**—Dressed Beoves were active and closed at 7 1/2 @ 11 1/2c, the former rate for low Texans and cows. Sales last week: Thomas Bradley, 167 head, 8 1/2 @ 11 1/2c; W. H. Brown, 119 head, 8 @ 10 1/2c; A. B. Boswell, 105 head, 8 @ 11 1/2c; C. S. Dengler, 74 head, 8 1/2 @ 11 1/2c; J. F. Lowden, 42 head 8 1/2 @ 10 1/2c; Harlan & Bro., 71 head, 7 1/2 @ 9 1/2c. Dressed Sheep were active. Samuel Stewart sold 690 head at 8 @ 9 1/2c, and 98 head dressed lambs at 11 1/2 @ 13c.

Send to Shaw, Applin & Co., Boston, Mass., for Catalogue of Church Furniture.

Going to Summer Quarters.

Important Notice to Families and Travelers generally.

The courtesies of the entire establishment (in close proximity to the Broad street station for the New York, Baltimore, Washington and all western trains) are freely extended. Beside the vast stocks of ladies', gents' and children's suits, dry goods, fancy goods, carpets and house furnishing, there is a spacious waiting-room, picture gallery, lunch-room and toilet-room.

The new department of public comfort, with wash-rooms, closets, new lunch-rooms, for both ladies and gentlemen, will be opened 1st August. Baggage can be left and checked while persons are visiting.

Philadelphia is so cheap a place for shopping that there is often a saving of more than railroad fares.

John Wanamaker.

Thirteenth and Chestnut and Market Streets, Philadelphia.



The King of the Body is the brain; the stomach its main support; the nerves its messengers; the bowels, the kidneys and the pores its safeguards. Indigestion creates a violent revolt among these attaches of the regal organ, and to bring them back to their duty there is nothing like the regulating, purifying, invigorating, cooling operation of TARRANT'S SELTZER WATER. It renovates the system and restores to health both the body and the mind.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TEACHER'S LIBRARY.

Nine books, including Bible Dictionary, Commentary on Mark, Compendium of Teaching, etc.; books worth 75c. to \$1.00 each. Price, 10 cents each; whole nine, 90c. DAVID C. COOK, 46 Adams street, Chicago.

**RIDGE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS**

THE MOST RELIABLE FOOD IN THE WORLD FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN

THE BEST DIET FOR INVALIDS AND OLD PEOPLE

FOUR SIZES .35 .50 .75 1.75

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All kinds at lowest prices. Send description of just what you want, and we will give estimate. Fine silk banner, fringe and pole (plated tips), for \$6.00. Lettering in gold.

**ALKALINE**

PRESERVES AND BEAUTIFIES THE TEETH AND KEEPS THE MOUTH AND LIPS IN PERFECT HEALTH.

REWARD CARDS!

One third price; three twenty-five cent packs for 50 cts, ten packs, 80 cents. Sample pack, 15 cents.

DAVID C. COOK, 46 Adams street, Chicago.

**BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE**

For sale by Grocers, WILKINSON, Prop'r., 233 N. Second Street, Philad'a.

\$47 A MONTH and board in your county. Men or Ladies. Pleasant business. Address, P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Box 80, Phila., Pa.

**THRESHERS**

Free. THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Manufacturers, 111 & 113 Spring Garden St., Phila.

\$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Omaha, Neb. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

DON'T BE A CLAM.

Clams are not the proper model for a human being to take pattern by. They are set in their old ways. They open their shells to take their accustomed food, but shut up very tight when anything new comes along, FOR THEY ARE CLAMS, and don't propose to allow anything to penetrate their thick shells that was unknown to their grandfather clams or their grandmother clams.

Clams are not a good thing for a Farmer to copy after, or a Merchant to copy after; for a Boy or Girl to copy after, or for a Housekeeper to copy after.

When a Farmer is shown a butter-worker or a grain-binder, a patent churn or a potato-weeder, he should not act the Clam; he should remember how farm work has been lightened by the mower and reaper, the horse-rake and the horse hay-fork, and many other improvements, and should take time to examine the new idea. In other words, DON'T BE A CLAM.

When a clothes-wringer, or an ironing machine or any other new plan is offered to a Housekeeper, the HOUSEKEEPER SHOULD NOT BE A CLAM. It is not a sign of intelligence to hold out against the improvement that science is bringing to help the human race in its fight for bread and butter, but a sign of prejudice, and prejudice is a sign of ignorance. So Don't be a Clam.

AND NOW FOR OUR LITTLE STORY ABOUT

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

Which has made a great improvement in housekeeping, resulting in a new way of washing clothes. It interests every Woman, whether Wife or Servant Girl, and every Man, whether married or single, for it does away with Scalding and Boiling on wash-day; it does away with the nasty smell from scalding and boiling the clothes; it does away with the hot fire that heats the house from the roof to the kitchen; it does away with the steam that spoils furniture and wall paper; it makes the Clothes clean, sweet and beautifully white; it enables the wash to be done in less than half the usual time, and the Clothing will last far longer, for the soap does away with much of the rubbing, and it is the hard rubbing that wears out clothes. Don't be a Clam.

Even a Person of Only Ordinary Intelligence will Know for Certain that a Soap that Agrees with the Most Delicate Skin cannot Possibly Injure the Most Delicate Fabrics Washed with it.



It is a soap made of pure, sweet tallow. No soap fat! No kitchen grease! No slaughter-house offal! Pure tallow, sweet enough to use for cooking purposes! Better for toilet than toilet soap! Better for shaving than shaving soap! Better than Castile Soap for Washing Cuts, Sores, Burns and Bruises. The best Soap for Washing a Baby.

AND NOW FOR THE MOST LIBERAL PROPOSITION EVER MADE TO THE PUBLIC:

First ask your Grocer for The Frank Siddalls Soap. If he don't have it on sale and don't care to accommodate you, then write to the office for a cake for trial. First, inclose ten cents, in money or stamps. Second, say you saw the advertisement in THE MESSENGER. Third, promise in your letter that you will have the Soap used THE FIRST WASHDAY AFTER YOU GET IT. Fourth, promise that you will see that EVERY DIRECTION SHALL BE EXACTLY FOLLOWED. Of course only one cake must be sent for, as it is very expensive to send even one cake. It has to be put in an iron box that costs 6 cents, as the Post-Office rules will not allow Soap to be sent through the mail in pasteboard boxes, 15 cents in postage stamps will have to be put on each cake, and yet a cake will be sent for 10 cents if the person who sends make these promises.

AND THE RESULT WILL BE A GREAT BOON TO ALL HOUSEKEEPERS WHO ARE NOT CLAMS.

And pray, who wants to be classed under the head of Clams? Will not every housekeeper be only too glad to hear of an easier, better, quicker and cheaper way of washing clothes?

EASIER, because it does away with all the hard work.

BETTER, because the wash looks better and irons easier.

QUICKER, because the wash can be done in half the usual time.

CHEAPER, because the saving in fuel more than pays for the Soap.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER

And next wash-day give one honest trial to the sensible, easy, genteel and ladylike Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

It is sold at wholesale by every Grocer in Philadelphia, and by the great Jobbing Grocers of New York City, and in nearly every city, town and village in the United States, so that there will be no excuse for a storekeeper not buying it when his customers ask for it. Thurber, Leggett & Co., Burkhalter & Co., Austin, Nichols & Co., R. C. Williams & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, and forty other of the leading New York Jobbers are handling it largely, and of course if it pays them to handle it it will pay the Country Merchant to handle it.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES:

A wash-boiler MUST NOT be used, NOT EVEN to HEAT the WASH-WATER, and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle answers for a large wash.

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it seems. A wash-boiler which stands used several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some of the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap. Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

FIRST.—Dip one of the garments in the tub of water. Draw it out on the wash-board and rub the Soap over it VERY LIGHTLY, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled pieces. THEN ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing; lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. THEN GO AWAY FOR 20 MINUTES TO ONE HOUR—BY THE CLOCK—AND LET THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP DO ITS WORK.

NEXT.—AFTER SOAKING THE FULL TIME commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on the wash-board, AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, but DON'T use any more Soap; DON'T SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW and DON'T wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water.

If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more soap on it and throw back in the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT comes the RINSING—WHICH IS ALSO TO BE DONE IN LUKEWARM WATER, and is for the purpose of getting all the dirty suds out, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece lightly on the wash-board through the rinse-water (without using any more soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT the BLUEWATER, which can either be lukewarm or cold. Use little or no blueing, FOR THIS SOAP TAKES THE PLACE OF BLUEING. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING OR BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let stand 20 minutes, and wash the same way, making the last rinse-water soap.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO OFFICE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

718 CALLOWHILL ST., PHILA.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powder. Sold only in cans. Royal Baking Powder Co., New York.

Established 1853.

**KEYSTONE Slate and Soapstone Works.**

**SLATE MANTELS**

Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate and Soapstone Work on hand or made to order.

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